

# THE GRAIL



JULY, 1945

# The Grail

Volume 27, No. 7

JULY, 1945

## IN THIS ISSUE

Between the Lines .....	<i>H. C. McGinnis</i>	193
Grandmother Gives a Concert .....	<i>Leila di Benedetto</i>	195
Mystery House .....	<i>J. W. Irving</i>	197
Austro-Hungary between Two Wars .....	<i>Hattie C. Fleck</i>	199
Prayer .....		202
This Is My America .....	<i>Dorothy Eloise Overton</i>	203
Death Insurance .....	<i>William W. Buechel</i>	204
It's Agin' the Law .....	<i>Eleanor Marshall</i>	204
Gospel Movies .....	<i>Placidus Kempf, O.S.B.</i>	205
Who Trespass Against Us .....	<i>Dave Carew</i>	206
Question Box .....	<i>Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.</i>	207
The Courtship of Ragged Robin .....		208
Immaculate Heart of Mary .....		209
The Catholic Aufklaerung .....	<i>Liam Brophy, B. Ph.</i>	210
Mission Intention for August .....		211
She Used to be a Catholic .....	<i>Anna Margaret Record</i>	213
Children of Fatima .....	<i>Mary Fabyan Winderatt</i>	215
How Long Will These Be Catholic? .....		220
Not Roman—Yet Catholic .....	<i>C. Francis Jenkins</i>	221
An Examination of Conscience .....		222
The World is Pleasure Mad .....	<i>Julia W. Wolfe</i>	223
A Note to our Readers .....		224

## THE GRAIL

(Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office)  
Member of the Catholic Press Association

### EDITORIAL BOARD

#### EDITOR

Rev. Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.

#### ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Rev. Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

#### MANAGING EDITOR

Rev. Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

#### ASSISTANT

Rev. Donald Walpole, O.S.B.

#### OFFICE MANAGER

Rev. Bede Stocker, O.S.B.

### Member of Catholic Press Association

THE GRAIL is edited and published monthly with episcopal approbation by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana. Subscription price \$1.00 a year: Canada \$1.25. Foreign \$1.50. Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U.S.A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage section 1103, October 3, 1917; authorized June 5, 1919.

### THE GRAIL, ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA

We employ no agents.

Manuscripts of articles and stories should be addressed to the Reverend Editor, The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Subscriptions and enrollments in The Grail Mass Guild should be addressed to The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana. Changes of address, giving the old and the new address, should be sent to us a month in advance.



H. C. McGinnis

## BETWEEN THE LINES

H. C. McGinnis

### *Education: Molder of People*

**A** MERICANS, for the most part, are filled with hopes of what we can do with the future. Having no empire to selfishly guard, we hope for a world order which will bring peace, happiness, justice and prosperity. However, our hopes may degenerate into little more than wishful thinking unless we prepare ourselves not only to maintain properly our national part in a new social pattern, but also to make important contributions to it. To do this, we must look to our system of education, for we must admit that the next generation and its successors will be largely what their education causes them to be. We have a nearly perfect demonstration of this fact in the conduct of captured thirteen and fourteen-year old German soldiers, products of Hitler's Youth Movement, who remained Nazi fanatics even when marched into prison enclosures, spitting hatefully into their captors' faces as they Heil-ed Hitler and his fellow-barbarians. They are clearly the results of an especially patterned education, one designed to turn humans into heartless brutes.

Formal education, that part of one's training received through schools, plays an exceedingly important part in the lives of modern

youngsters. In fact, it has become the custom of far too many American parents to rely solely upon schools for the training given their young. When this training is received in public schools and is not supplemented by home-training in religion—as it evidently isn't to any great extent in a nation 60% to 70% unchurched—the children involved grow up with a very materialistic conception of life and of society. Materialism and its selfishness do not make for the kind of world for which we long. Since the purpose of proper education is to train children to become persons of character who will know and preserve in their future conduct the proper order of things as established by the Creator, it is plain that youngsters must be trained in the religious concept of life if they are to contribute to that perfect social pattern which the Creator has outlined. The child's spiritual nature, as well as the physical, social, aesthetic and intellectual aspects of his nature, must be developed as an essential part of his training. Since man's final destiny is a spiritual one, any system of education which fails to prepare him for this end fails of its real purpose.

**T**HE PUBLIC school systems of many States have come to realize this fact, in part at least, and accordingly make a pass at religious instruction through the released-time system. Released-time permits high school students to receive religious instruction from pastors of their own choice during certain school hours but outside school, and to receive credit toward graduation for such work satisfactorily completed. While this system is a recognition of religion's part in education, it is a far cry from the religious concept of education. If anything, it serves to accentuate in the child's mind the theory so widely held outside of

Catholic circles that education for living life and religion are two separate things and must be kept apart. Thus religious instruction under the released-time system becomes an *elective*, which the student may choose to reject as he sees fit. By many it is regarded as a *soft* course which permits students to escape the class room for a little time each week. In no case has the writer found that it has caused the religious concept of either education or of living to permeate the class rooms of schools which have adopted it. So long as this result exists, it must remain a sorry excuse for a necessary instruction in man's relation to his Creator and to Creation and his consequent conduct.

It is a fact well proved by history that the dominant characteristics of any civilization will be found reflected in its educational system. The ideals, values, customs and morality which one generation passes on to its successor, and which are known as the social heritage, are passed on through education. All education is based on a philosophy of life. If that philosophy is materialistic, with the greed, avarice, selfishness in individualism of Materialism, the education of the young will truly reflect it, for like produces like. If the philosophy of a given community is based upon the religious and moral concept of life, then that concept of life will govern the formal education of its young. It is utterly futile to hope for a new world order based on the moral law unless the generations which are to be parts of that order are subjected to a system of education whose philosophy is based on the moral law. A *Christian-type* or moral society cannot be produced by a community in which formal education is based upon Materialistic philosophy; nor can a truly Christian society, which must necessarily

observe the Two Great Commandments, spring from an educational system in which the tribute to God is not a tribute to a personal God but one paid to an absentee God Who, although recognized as the Creator, is One Who leaves the world's human cargo entirely to its own devices. A thistle does not produce figs: neither can a community which subscribes to Deism—the concept of an absentee God—develop a civilization which, no matter how badly desired, can exist only when its members practice an immediate responsibility to a personal God for both their private and public acts. A true civilization must be based on a true philosophy of life and the true philosophy of life is found in the religious concept of life. Therefore all formal education should be a means to the fulfillment of the religious concept of life and of society. When man becomes fully aware of the truth that his destiny is a spiritual one, then he wisely makes his temporal existence a means to that end. Consequently, any means to his better temporal existence, such as education, is likewise subject to the religious principle. Religion is much more than a means to a happier temporal life: it is a life-principle in which temporal life is properly lived in order that religion may achieve its ultimate goal.

Does the American public school system, generally speaking, live up to this conception of education and its purpose? If not, how can this nation expect to remain a Christian nation if Christianity's teachings are excluded from the class room and if the Christian concept of life and its purposes is not the guiding spirit of the formal education given the nation's young? Does not the fact that this nation is now largely unchurched derive from an inadequate conception of education's function in life's true purpose? Is the philosophy of life taught in our public schools the true philosophy? Is there, in all truth, any one definite philosophy which is standard for the instruction of our young or is the formal instruction given them a confusing, bewildering jumble of this and that which teaches the student no very definite idea of why he lives,

let alone any idea of what to do about it? Is it not true that our current public school system is a victim to faddism in philosophy, with unproved and very incomplete philosophies of human behavior succeeding one another in rapid succession, causing mental chaos in young minds?

LATELY it seems that many Americans are beginning to give serious thought to public education. Many communities are awakening to the fact—almost too late—that a pagan indoctrination, contrary to basic Americanism, has been quietly introduced into their public schools. Last Spring, the New Jersey Legislature enacted a law which makes a two-year course in American history compulsory. A survey of the State's schools by New Jersey's Governor revealed that the so-called "Progressive education" movement had replaced American history with a course called "American democracy." New Jersey officials evidently weren't convinced that this alleged "American democracy" course was a proper substitute for the history of American democracy. In many other States, Socialistic textbooks bearing the label of "democracy" have been introduced and many so-called "social studies" teach an ideology absolutely foreign to the older generation. Four years ago, I made a considerable study of the educational practices of a certain State. I found that in quite a few schools the standard arithmetic book had been scrapped in favor of a new one called "Social Arithmetic." When I inquired of school principals why arithmetic had to be "socialized" for two and two to make four, I received no convincing answers. Most of those interviewed simply shook their heads in resignation and said they were required to use the textbooks furnished them. The only logical conclusion I could reach was that Socialist- and Communist-minded people, aware of the school's influence upon the thinking of the coming generations and slyly boring from within, were preparing young Americans for an easy transition from "Social Arithmetic" to "Socialism's Arithmetic." The addition of a few more letters to the word *social*

might not be noticed. A nation-wide review of the new textbooks introduced into our public schools during the past decade would undoubtedly open the eyes of democracy-loving Americans and accordingly bring about some huge bonfires. Both Socialism and Communism are deadly enemies of the dignity of man as taught by the Christian concept of life.

Quite recently a woman columnist, well known for her conservative way of saying things, practically exploded in indignation at the number of high school and college graduates, and even young teachers and professors, who constantly mouth pagan ideals as being truly democratic, evidently having been taught them as the modern conception of democracy. The only effective antidote for paganism is the religious concept of life and of society. By a strange paradox, however, millions of Americans refuse to permit the religious concept of society to be taught in public schools, but permit the pagan concept to be taught without uttering a murmur. Yet these same people are showing great concern over the possibility that the postwar social order will be guided by pagan principles and not by Christian morality!

About the same time that the above mentioned columnist voiced her alarm at dangerous trends in our nation's public education, another writer, perhaps the most widely syndicated columnist in the nation's daily press, wrote that friends of his in one of America's largest cities had told him that they wouldn't risk their youngsters in that city's public schools; while he himself named another large city where he said he would rather go to jail than expose his children to the conditions existing in most of its public schools.

Such charges are sufficiently serious to make their further discussion imperative. If we Americans are really anxious to see a proper postwar social order, we must uncover existing weakness in our public education system and offer most constructive remedies. For unless formal education is based upon the true philosophy of life and its meaning, it fails of the objectives rightfully intended for it.



# Grandmother Gives a Concert

Lelia di Benedetto



IT WAS the mention of her name that made Grandmother Carey an eavesdropper. She hadn't been paying much attention to the two young girls who had gone into the booth next to hers in the drugstore until she heard one of them remark, "And just because Pamela happens to be the daughter of the richest man in town, *she's* going to have the privilege of announcing Mrs. Carey's program. Why, everyone in school knows Marjorie deserves it—she's the smartest and best student. I don't think there's any justice left in our school, kowtowing to Pamela!"

"You're right," her companion muttered, and then there was a long silence from the booth, with grandmother waiting anxiously for more information on the subject of justice in the small town where she had consented to play for the high school students. She was near the town, having given a piano concert for the service men in the camp some miles away, and had readily accepted the invitation to visit the school. She had arrived ahead of schedule, so had taken refuge in the drugstore across from the school, until such time as she deemed it fit to put in an appearance. At seventy-three, the tiny, spry old lady found great enjoyment in entertaining, and she could rock her audience with music that was in the groove, as well as anything classical.

"Here comes Marjorie, now," one of the girls exclaimed, and then called, "Hey, Marjorie! Over here!"

Grandmother turned around curiously to glimpse the girl who was termed "deserving" by her chums. Marjorie was attractive, with a smile that told of a very sweet disposition, and grandmother decided immediately that she certainly should have what was due to her.

"Going to the concert, Marjorie?" the girls demanded, as the newcomer paused beside the booth.

"Why, of course!" she retorted, without hesitation. "I wouldn't miss Mrs. Carey for the world! Aren't you two going?"

"Sure. But we think you should have been given the honor of doing the announcing, inasmuch as one of the students was picked for that. But Mr. Nelson falls over backwards, doing things for Pamela!"

"Now, Kids! He's principal and that's his choice, so no fussing about it. Besides, Pamela is a good speaker and she'll do the school proud in front of Mrs. Carey. After all, we mustn't forget that our visitor is famous and we have to give *her* our best while she's here."

The two in the booth groaned. "Pamela isn't our choice! She's so stuck on Pamela that one day she's going to wake up stuck *with* her!" one of them insisted, but Marjorie only laughed and went over to the prescription counter. Soon the two girls arose and left the drugstore, not even noticing grandmother when they passed, for which she was thankful.

She sat very still in her booth, lingering over the soda, until Marjorie came back. Then she reached out and stopped the girl. "Sorry to disturb you," the old lady said, smiling brightly, "but I'm a stranger in town and need a little help."

Marjorie halted obediently. "I'll be glad to try to be of some use," she offered.

Grandmother nodded to the seat opposite her. "Have you a moment to sit down?"

Marjorie did, and she slipped into the booth, putting her package on the table. She refused an invitation to have a soda, explaining that she had just had something at school.

"Well," grandmother began, stalling for time, "I've broken the crystal on my watch and must have it fixed. I would like to take it to a place that will do a hurry-up job, because I don't intend to be in town long."

"I know a jeweler who'll help you," she nodded. "And you can wait for it, while he changes the glass. I'll take you to his place, and I'd gladly wait for you, only there's to be a concert at school that I don't want to miss."

Marjorie scrambled out of the booth in order to help the old lady up, and Grandmother Carey suppressed a grin. As they were leaving the store a crowd of young girls entered. A girl in the front of the group rudely brushed into grandmother, barely murmuring an apology for her action.

"Hello, Marjorie," exclaimed the girl who had bumped grandmother. "Surely you're going to the concert! Not staying away because you're sore Mr. Nelson thought I should represent the school, are you?"

Marjorie's face crimsoned, but grandmother was happy to observe that she kept a stiff upper lip.

As Pamela waited for a reply, there was a self-satisfied smirk on her face.

Marjorie answered steadily and quietly, "I wouldn't miss it for anything! But it's getting late—and shouldn't you be at the auditorium, practicing what you're going to say? It wouldn't do to keep Mrs. Carey waiting, after she was kind enough..."

"Oh, let the old crow cool her heels," Pamela shrugged. "She'll probably bore us to tears, anyway." Then, with a commanding, "Come along, girls," she led the way over to the soda fountain, where she loudly demanded attention.

When Marjorie and grandmother were outside, the old lady remarked drily, "I gather that's the local queen."

The young girl giggled. "Pamela is a bit overbearing," she confessed, and in the next instance the smile faded from her face. "All that worries me is Pamela will be late, and offend Mrs. Carey, the famous pianist who is giving us a concert this afternoon."

The jewelry shop was only two blocks from the drugstore, and Marjorie was well acquainted with the man who did watch repairing. Grandmother produced her watch, with its broken crystal, and his eyes opened wide in appreciation. He handled it gently, carefully; then he gave the old lady an appraising stare. Marjorie didn't notice that, for she was getting nervous about missing part of the concert.

"Will everything be all right?" the young girl questioned anxiously. "Do you mind if I run along?"

Grandmother shook her head, declaring, "You've been very kind, Marjorie. I hope the concert lives up to your expectations!"

With a friendly little wave, the girl bolted for the door. The two people in the shop watched her as she ran up the street toward the school.

"That Marjorie Hunt's about the finest youngster this town has produced," the man declared, giving grandmother a glance out of the corners of his eyes. "And my daughter told me—at lunch time—that the wrong party has walked off with the honors for this afternoon. Seems like a certain Pamela Waters doesn't rate announcing the program. But you're a stranger in town, and you wouldn't be interested in all our gossip."

"On the contrary," bluntly, "I have developed a very personal interest in this particular bit of town doings. In fact," she grinned, for she had seen him scrutinizing the initials on the back of the watch, "I've been dubbed 'an old crow' by Pamela!"

"Seems as if you're the one to do something about Pamela," he suggested hopefully.

M R. NELSON, head of the high school, was astonished when Mrs. Carey presented herself by arriving on foot. He had expected that she would arrive with quite a fanfare. She didn't bother to explain that she had arrived before schedule, and had sent her chauffeur off to take in a show.

"I'm looking for Marjorie Hunt," she announced, after she had been welcomed with awe by the faculty.

"Marjorie Hunt!" Mr. Nelson echoed, shocked.

"I thought I'd like to have her announce my selections," she beamed.

The stunned principal hurriedly sent for Marjorie, while the teachers looked on with ill-concealed interest. They knew something was about to happen, and from the grins, grandmother surmised they were all for Marjorie.

When the girl arrived she was astonished to see the same old lady she had left in the jewelry store. "Is anything wrong?" she demanded. "Your watch..."

Grandmother drew her aside, away from all the onlookers. "I want you to do me one more favor," she begged. "Do the honors, this afternoon..."

"The honors! Why...you're Mrs. Carey!" Smiles wreathed the girl's face and impulsively she hugged the visitor. "It's enough that you want me to announce," she declared. "But I hope you understand why I can't. It would be too humiliating for Pamela!"

Grandmother was silent for a moment; then she said gently, "I understand, Marjorie. You're right, too." She didn't add that it showed Marjorie wasn't vindictive and small. But the old lady made her promise that she would at least sit in the front row.

Mr. Nelson didn't understand how he got out of the predicament, but he was obviously relieved when he was informed the program would go on as planned. And when he introduced Pamela Waters to Mrs. Carey, the girl flushed uncomfortably.

"Here's the old crow's selections for you to announce," grandmother said sweetly, before she went out on the stage to face the enthusiastic student-body.

When the applause died down, grandmother seated at the piano waited calmly for Pamela to announce the first number. The girl's voice was unsteady as she informed her schoolmates, "Mrs. Carey wishes to dedicate her entire program to her dear friend, Marjorie Hunt."

A lusty cheer arose from the entire audience, and grandmother winked broadly at the proud girl, sitting quietly in the front row.

# Mystery House

J. W. Irving

**N**EAR the city of San Jose, California, on the Stevens Creek Road, is located the Winchester Mystery House, a gigantic, weird and pathetic monument to the vagaries of Spiritualism. And doubtless it stands as a physical symbol of appeasement and fear of the world's greatest magnitude.

Thirty-eight years of work and around five millions of dollars were put into this spooky structure that never could have been completed. It stands today a mad jumble of domes, cupolas, towers and minarets. A spooks' barroom, cocktail lounge, dance floor, and banquet hall were provided, in which only spectral guests were sumptuously wined and dined for a period of over thirty years. It's an amazing structure of 160 rooms built only for the accommodation of those of the spirit world.

One of the outstanding features of Mystery House is the ballroom. Twenty by forty feet, it is paneled in carved bird's-eye maple and decorated with silver and gold leaf. This one room was built at a cost of \$9,000, and during Mrs. Winchester's life-time, weekly dances were held without a single guest. Arrayed in costly finery, Mrs. Winchester greeted her spectral visitors and led them through ghostly waltzes and cotillions. At first she engaged an orchestra from San Francisco to play at these ghostly fetes, but it became difficult to get musicians to play for the silent and invisible dancers, so a pipe organ was installed which she played herself.

The tragic story begins in New Haven, Connecticut, where William Wert Winchester, member of the famous Winchester Arms manufacturing family, was building a home for his lovely wife, Sarah, and their baby girl. When the house was finished the husband and the little daughter died. Mrs. Winchester was deeply stunned by the tragedy and fell into a coma so alarming that the doctors feared for her life. But she finally recovered and, at a friend's suggestion, visited a medium. According to those familiar with her story, she received a message from her dead husband during the seance.

"Sarah, dear," he said, "if our house had not been finished, I would still be with you. I urge you now to build a home, but never let it be finished, for then you will live..."

There is also a popular belief that Sarah Winchester was tormented by the spirits of the victims of Winchester rifles, and that these spirits, in their demand for a labor of recompense, ordered her to build them a house. Therefore, since to live she must never cease building, the house could

never be finished during her lifetime. The tremendous task of providing accommodations for these homeless spirits, as far as the lonely widow was concerned, was to be an endless one. Further, it is said, that to assure them a home, the spirits threatened her with instant death should she ever cease in the work.

Possessed of a huge fortune and an income of \$1,000 a day, Mrs. Winchester was financially able to carry on the weird task of building rooms and other accommodations for her spirit guests on a large scale, from which she never ceased until the time of her death in 1922.

It is stated that Mrs. Winchester, becoming terrified at New England's thunder and lightning, which she regarded as supernatural, was influenced to seek a more favorable location. So she came on to the Santa Clara Valley in California and selected the spot near San Jose as ideal for her purpose. She bought the then 17-room uncompleted house of Dr. Caldwell, a local physician, for a large price. She kept the same crew of sixteen carpenters and artisans, carefully handpicked with regard to their willingness to obey her crackpot orders. The architect threw up his hands in disgust and quit. The head carpenter, refusing to tear down the beautiful work he had so painstakingly done, was fired. Mrs. Winchester then took over the job as sole designer, and for every week-day during the ensuing 38 years the carpenters worked—changing, tearing down, and reconstructing.

What is perhaps the most bizzare maze ever assembled by human hand began to take shape—so daffy and indefinite of form and today an unguided person would be lost within fifty feet of the entrance. No effort was made to follow out any streamlined plan. Rooms were just tacked on here and there in every direction, and even constructed one inside the other. For no apparent reason the many stairways extend only from the floor to the ceiling of the rooms. One of these spooky stairways has 45 steps makes 9 turns back and forth, yet rises only 9 feet! In the crazy pattern of the arrangement or disarrangement of this—perhaps the most extraordinary building in the world—is, among its exceptionally bizarre features, the "White Satin Chamber," so-called because its walls, ceiling and floor are covered with that material. After it was built, no workman, servant, or anyone but Mrs. Winchester ever entered this room where she held communion with the spirits. Quite unlike most of the other rooms, this one had but a single window, always closely curtained.

The house contains more than 2,000 doors, fully 10,000 windows, and 150,000 panes of glass! There

are 160 rooms, 47 fireplaces, 24 bathrooms, 5 Tiffany windows costing \$1,000 each, a front door worth \$2,000, 3 elevators, 40 stairways, kitchens, transparent floors, screens on inside of doors, door-knobs and fixtures of gold and silver and bronze. The structure is estimated to have cost \$5,000,000 with the materials alone, the finest obtainable, costing well over \$1,000,000.

The recluse widow was well able to pay princely salaries and to purchase the best of materials—gold and silver leaf; beautifully carved, rare and costly woods, and heavily embossed wallpaper costing \$10 to \$20 for a single roll. At the time of Mrs. Winchester's death, there were left sufficient materials to have continued the task of building for 40 or 50 years longer. This great amount of material in fact fills three large warehouses.

The spooks' barroom, which occupied a large part of the main floor, was stocked with the choicest of wines and liquors. A large mahogany bar, complete with buffet, bronze footrail and gold plated cuspidors, was provided for the comfort of the invisible guests. No visitor in the flesh ever enjoyed the taste of one of the widow's highballs. But it is said that the good liquor provided for the palates of the ghostly guests kept disappearing with astonishing rapidity, and that the hostess kept right on replenishing the stock without question. And, while a sizable host of "spirits" must have enjoyed the liquid hospitality afforded them, there are some people who have ventured the opinion that the spirits may have no small amount of help from the workmen!

Some 50 workmen and servants were engaged in carrying on the work, and the structure had progressed to considerable proportions by 1906, when the great earthquake that destroyed San Francisco shook the tower and two upper stories down. Mrs. Winchester insisted that the damage was done by the spirits because they desired her to abandon that part. The furnishings were left as the "spirits" had disposed them, and the widow never entered them again. The servants were commanded to padlock that portion of the house and to stay out of it.

One large bathroom contains an old fashioned zinc tub in its center. Other bathrooms, with their fixtures, represent a fortune, having tiled and mosaic floors, sidewalls, and elaborate cut-glass windows.

There are hundreds, if not thousands, of closets, visible and concealed, and uncounted chests and drawers. At least half of the fireplaces have no flues. They are scattered about in the most weird and spooky manner imaginable—off the stairways,

in bathrooms, any unlikely spot, without regard to furnishing heat. There are nooks and crannies and minor compartments beyond estimating. There are many kitchens with every convenience of the finest quality; and sinks by the hundred, all with faucets and running water, together with fire-fighting facilities.

In the "Blue Room" or seance chamber, there is a large closet in which were kept many wondrously colored silk and satin gowns, having, it is stated, by virtue of its hue, a specific relationship to a spirit guide and being worn when that one's counsel was sought.

Mrs. Winchester found difficulty in retaining a permanent staff of servants. Her startling appearances were often somewhat spooky and terrifying to them. She might pop out of an immense icebox in one of the kitchens, or even appear in a servant's bedroom during the midnight hour by way of the clothes closet! Another grievance they had: while the bathrooms were fitted with the most elaborate of fixtures, Mrs. Winchester would allow them to be equipped with none but plate-glass doors! But the spooky business and atmosphere didn't seem to bother the workmen so much. At least two of them remained for 38 years. And, according to report, there were times when three or four workmen carried on a huge racket with their hammers, while the rest were holding a session of poker or black-jack in some spook's elaborate quarters!

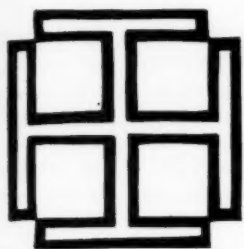
Food in vast quantities and of the finest quality was brought to the tradesmen entrance of Mystery House to be carried into the splendid hotel-like kitchens to supply the appetites of its spectral borders.

Outside her weird and eccentric life, Mrs. Winchester has been described as a woman of charm, cultured, educated, fluent in several languages, and a lover of art and literature. Her life amid her spirit world must have been a lonely and pathetic one, though one of a sort of deluded regal splendor. Visitors were not allowed in her home to exchange formal calls, and those attempting it were curtly turned away.

While on the Pacific Coast, President Theodore Roosevelt sought admission to see Mrs. Winchester, and it is a matter of historical record that he, like all the others, was refused admittance, though every effort had been made to induce the mistress of Mystery House to receive the Chief Executive.

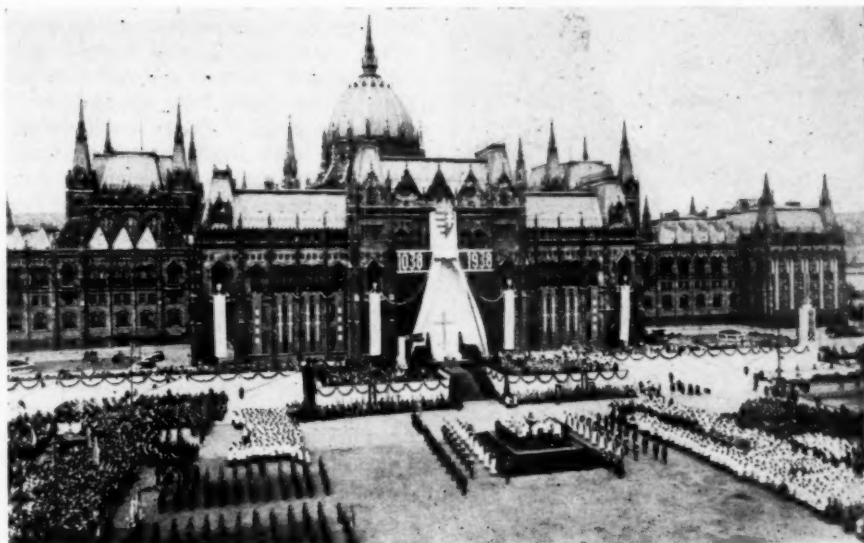
The labor on Mystery House ended in 1922 when Mrs. Winchester died at the age of 85 years. The weird and gigantic task so filled with a sort of hopeless pathos, though unfinished, had come to an end.





# Austro-Hungary Between Two Wars

Hattie C. Fleck



The Jubilee Service—the Ninth Centennial in 1938—was held publicly before the House of Parliament in honor of King St. Stephen. The Papal Legate, the present Pope Pius XII, officiated.

WITH the first flash of V-E Day news that the greatest war in history had ended, the royal heads of different nations who had fled into safety zones were on their toes. They scrambled back from their places of temporary exile, and according to news flashes in the Metropolitan newspapers, the former Crown Prince of Austria, known to us in the U.S.A., where he had sojourned during the struggle as the Arch-Duke Otto, was among them.

Just what the next in line of the Hapsburgs might expect as a ruler of the once powerful Empire of Austro-Hungary once the pride of the Hapsburgs, is anyone's guess. We read that Russia has taken over where Hitler left off. In any event, to persons used to studying events at closer range, who traveled and sojourned in the stricken countries of Europe, it might seem almost foolish to expect

a time-worn title to arouse any sympathy or sentiment in a modern Red regime. If we can visualize anything from this far point of view, we can see Russia establishing herself firmly in any spot advantageous to herself. In this strategy (let's call it that anyway; it's a good-sounding phrase) Russia is "wise" to hold Austria, a direct lane to the Balkans, always more or less the target for any European struggle. But how about the Catholics of that district, 95% baptized Catholics, though far from all remaining practical church adherents? Nowhere in all the world could a land boast of so many beautiful churches as lovely Vienna, and the equally beautiful Budapest, two principal cities and capitals of the Dual Monarchy. Both these cities boast of their Cathedrals, and both are named for St. Stephen. We might better say they *were*... no one knows their fate today. Both these capitals



The Archduke Otto of Austria, Crown Prince of Austro-Hungary as he appeared when the family fled Austria at the end of World War One. Today he is heir apparent to the throne.

were likewise adorned with proud palaces of the ruling family, and both were song-loving cities.

Like many other war-torn capitals, after the Armistic of 1918, Vienna and Budapest were reduced almost to starvation conditions, and both Austria and Hungary were divided so badly as to reduce each to the minimum size and prestige. Crumbled, and lying prostrate at the enemy's feet, the Allies had reduced Austria to a country of no importance by permitting her to rule over about 6,000,000 subjects, whereas pre-war population of Austro-Hungary had been upward of 50,000,000. It was cut into sections and new borders were formed, with Czechoslovakia one of the greatest beneficiaries. The same was done to Hungary, and between the two great wars, Budapest had flown her flags in public squares, and on state buildings, at half-mast in mourning over her lost territory. We who traveled with open eyes, observed this strange incident and upon asking the reason for it, were told that only after the territory would be

restored to Hungary, would the flag be flown at top-mast. This never came to pass.

Great poverty prevailed in both countries. Much interior trouble brewed and fights and murders, intrigue, and political and church disorders were part of the daily routine. Like a ship without a rudder, Austria groaned its way toward some semblance of interior rest and each of the once powerful combination of Austria and Hungary relied upon its own form of government, dictated by the Versailles Treaty. It was during these struggles that Msgr. Seipel became the choice as Chancellor. After the Priest's death Dollfuss's tragic chancellorship followed and ended in 1934, on July 25th. Things went from one state of "good" to a succeeding state of "bad" and reversed, until the *Anschluss* with Germany spelled finis to a rule which died of its own inefficiency. Hungary fared a little better...but just a little. Poverty was wild and rampant in the poor sections, while on the beautiful Danube Riviera the affluent of the country sat at luxurious meals with foreign entertainment to enhance the breath-taking glories of the cafe gardens. The poor lay like dogs on the steps of one large church waiting for the Franciscan gates to open so that they could get their ration of bread and soup, while others spent their days in rollicking fun or lazy lounging in tree-lined enclosures. In our estimation, Budapest was the fairest of all European grand cities. It was on top of one of the mountains hanging high over the picturesque Danube that the monarchs of the Dual Empire chose to be crowned in great pomp, rather than at Vienna. It is in that part of the Empire that the crown and the right hand of St. Stephen, King of Hungary, rest in golden caskets which are removed once in a hundred years to be exposed for general homage. For 900 years these relics have been the pride of the Hungarians reminding them of the King who through his Catholic Bride, a royal princess of Bavaria became converted, and who in turn converted his entire land.

Catholic traditions in Hungary were strong, and but for the loss of their lamented territory, showed signs of recovery. In this same Empire, Bohemia, which once gave the world kings and was a ruling house of importance, along with Moravia, Silesia, Croatia, Slavonia and Bosnia, was under Hapsburg dominion. At the division of lands after 1918 the great power was stripped of all save a small pitiable territory, in spite of which the Hapsburgs insisted upon trying their return to rule the country from which they had to flee at the sad close of World War I. Hated Charles and his wife, the Empress Zita, with their 8 children finally fled to

Madeira where the last of the Hapsburg Emperors died in exile, after two more attempts to reorganize his country in which he failed. He died in 1922.

Zita, the ambitious mother of the present heir apparent, recognized no part of the fears in her heart that the throne was lost forever. She did everything possible to keep her son trained to the dignity of his "come-back," and now we read of his entry into the war-torn territories possibly with great hopes in his heart. Zita lived in our country, and when in New York could be seen, in drab costumes, hurrying away from scrutinizing eyes, as she wended her way toward the Cenacle, where she preferred to dwell with the nuns while in town. Of religious tendencies, a good mother and faithful wife, this strong-willed woman was the backbone of the reduced royal family, and while in power was beloved by the peasantry and the Church.

A true story is told in this connection, which this writer has as a first hand tale from the Padre involved in the human-interest narrative. When the Emperor died on the Island of Madeira, which is a Portuguese possession in the North Atlantic, the bereaved Empress and her family of 8, traveled on to the mainland of Spain. Destitute, she prayed fervently for guidance and finally found contentment in her new surroundings. Little news came through from the royal family, but when their first Christmas away from their native land came near, the Franciscan Order, to whom the Empress was particularly devoted, was sorrowful for their

benefactress. In the lovely Tyrol there is one of the oldest Franciscan foundations in all Austria, and one of the older Padres conceived an idea for which he dared not hope too much. He was a giant in size, with large hands, but with fingers pointed and soft as a lady's. These huge hands were an artist's hands. His tapered finger points executed the finest type of work, while the great hands furnished the strength. He had manufactured exquisite cribs, large and small, for which he himself had cut down trees. The monastery displayed many of his specimens, and one day before the Advent season, as the Brothers began getting spaces ready for the cribs, the Padre wondered why one of the lovely stable scenes should not go to the exiled Royal family. No money! How to get it there! His hopes vanished with the initial idea. But the desire to carve new figures, and a lovelier Infant than any he had done was strong upon him, and the Padre began collecting his wood and tools. This must be not too small a crib; neither too huge. And as the work progressed and the figures stood in procession before him, one day his Provincial came to his workshop, and scrutinizing the array, the Padre found his tongue, and received permission to work out the new crib for the bereaved Zita and her family in exile in Spain. While working, there came to the Padre an idea also how to deliver it. He would do it. He would walk from Innsbruck to the remote spot in Spain, and bring the crib, to prove that the family was not



The eight children of the last Emperor of Austro-Hungary, Charles and the Empress Zita. Heir apparent, the eldest, stands at the extreme left.

forgotten. He had permission, but nothing else. Never away from his native Tyrol he sought maps, and equipped with flasks of water, and a sack of black bread, one day the Padre knelt for his superior's blessing, and he was on his mission of love. The fine crib, required careful handling. It was carried under the great brown travel mantle of the Franciscan, and after the first day's journey, the Padre might, but for his great fortitude, have been back in his cloister instead of marching on through the dark night. Feeling the need of a halt, toward morning he lay down on an open pasture, and fell asleep. Upon awaking, he partook of his supply of bread and water, and trudged on. This he did for days and nights on end, when one day a path took him to the gates of a church and parish house. He was invited to remain a few days, but time was short, and after one night's rest he again was on his way. Then he came upon a village that was without priest or church services. Here he remained long enough to clear up certain conditions inevitable under such circumstances. Marriages needed adjusting; the Sacraments needed attention, especially Baptism. And for his reward a farmer offered to drive the Padre as far as he was able to run his horses, the one of two "lifts" that he received, walking every inch of the way, otherwise. Needless to say, that this was an act of gratitude, even though it seems a little on the exaggerated side. According to the Padre, it was the direct opposite... it had the desired effect on the little Imperial household, in exile.

Since that time, like most of royalty, this family too, found its way to the United States, as the European scourge spread from one land to another, until the Old World was entirely afire. Zita, the mother of the Arch-Duke remained poor in appearance, but the heir to the Austrian throne, certainly seemed well provided with the world's comforts, riding in costly cars, and wearing fine clothes. However, he has gone, according to the news of the

day, to claim what is left of the estates of the Hapsburgs, presumably, in case chance favors him. This was the fate of powerful Austro-Hungary, which was formed in 1867, by agreement of the two countries. Austria itself dates back to 1156 when as a duchy it passed under the rule of one of the Hapsburgs, a rule which lasted until 1918. It was enlarged during the Middle Ages. It became the seat of the Holy Roman Empire, and just before the latter was dissolved in 1804, Emperor Francis took the oath as Emperor of Austria. With the assassination of Premier Dollfuss, the Nazi regime began to show its teeth, and much to the contrary of many political speeches and much biased opinion, the German *Anschluss* was as welcome to many as it was unwelcome to others. We who happened to be present in Austria marvelled over the enthusiasm of the younger people, and on the exquisite grounds of the Imperial Palace of Vienna, where the despicable Swastika hung down from the once proud roof of the lofty buildings, the oath of allegiance was sworn by thousands of men and boys with outstretched hands for the Hitler salute.

The last Emperor of that ill-fated country, Charles, the father of Otto, heir apparent, he, who is now trying once more to restore the country, was made heir to the throne after the death of Francis Joseph, in 1916. The real heir had been the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, whose assassination in 1914 by a Serbian lighted the torch that set the world aflame. It was Francis Joseph, trying to avenge his heir's death, who first declared war in 1914, which developed into the worst conflagration the world had seen until we came upon World War Two, from which Europe has just emerged.

Hungary dates its origin back to 1000, and it was King Saint Stephen who made the laws and rules that remained part of the laws ever since, he whose right hand is preserved. Considering the age of these countries, there might be some truth in the adage that EUROPE IS DYING OF OLD AGE.

## FILL ALL YOUR MOMENTS OF THE DAY AND NIGHT WITH PRAYER

**PRAY while you walk.**

**PRAY while you ride.**

**PRAY while you wait.**

**PRAY while you work.**

**PRAY while you sleep.**

Sacred Heart of Jesus I trust in Thee! (300 days)

My God, I love Thee. (300 days)

My God and my All! (50 days)

Jesus, Mary, Joseph! (7 yrs. 7 q.)

Divine Heart of Jesus, convert sinners, save the dying,  
set free the souls in Purgatory. (300 days)

Mary, our Hope, have pity on us! (300 days)

—Archbishop Goodier, S.J.



# *This Is My America*

Dorothy Eloise Overton

When I look at the flag, I don't just see the stars and stripes, but a million other things. Marching boldly across it, I see the pioneers foraging their way into a new land, tearing down trees, and building in their stead, homes, watching them grow until they are hamlets, towns, cities; seeing the land covered with yellow grain, and vegetables; watching their sons grow up and take their places in this new land; seeing them proudly saluting a flag, a flag that gives them and their children's children, "a free nation under God."

These are some of the things that I see, but they are not all. I see men, women, and children, standing in a place called Gettysburg, listening to a young man who was born in a log cabin, giving a speech that will go down in history. I see Washington, Jefferson, and Stone Wall Jackson. I sit in an auditorium and listen to a violin wail and cry out in anguish, and later hear it softly telling of the birds and flowers. These things I see and hear, as I look at the flag. They live and breathe and are an inseparable part of the land I love. This is my America.

I walk by the side of the water, and dig my feet deep into the warm brown sand, and am happy. I see children laughing and playing, not bothering to look up at the sky, as a plane goes over head, and am thankful that they are not afraid of air raids, and that their faces can still light up over little things. I walk through the woods, and smell the clear, cool air. I climb to the top of a mountain and pick a bouquet of flowers, or lie there, and feel as though I can reach out and touch the face of God. I walk down a long, winding pathway, and am alone and content. Night draws its shades closer around the earth, and in the distance a bird sings, and I sing too.

These are not all of the things that I see, as I look at you, my flag. I see boys and girls standing at attention, saluting you. I see men leaving their jobs in offices and factories, marching off to war, looking at you—ever looking at you and the things that you stand for. I see a boy in England, Iceland, or Guadalcanal lying on the ground, thinking of you. I watch planes burst through the air, like huge rockets on the Fourth of July. I stand by the sea and watch it open its huge stomach and belch up ship and ship, only at last to claim them for its own. I see a battlefield grow red with the blood of men who give their lives for you, and as I watch, your stripes seem to be even brighter than before. This then is my flag, and my America.

I stand by a church and watch the people enter its doors, and hear the peal of bells. From somewhere I hear the cry of a baby, and am glad. Looking over the land, my eyes focus themselves upon a graveyard, and I realize that this too, is a part of my America, and that someday I will take my place among them. I think of the children born, and the generations yet to be born, and hope that they too might know the things that I have known. To live in a free land and see and glory, as we have seen and gloried. If so, I shall be satisfied; wherever I lie, I shall be satisfied.

# Death Insurance

William W. Buechel

OUR BOYS in the armed forces are being given benefits by their country as no army or navy in the world's history has yet received. They get, for instance, an intensive training by known experts in ever so many branches of defensive and offensive warfare so that their chances for survival when pitted against the forces of the enemy are greatly enhanced.

They receive, in addition, the best food ever consumed by any army either of today or yesteryear. The best of professional practitioners serve them with the most advanced scientific methods of medical and dental care.

Should a soldier or sailor be seriously wounded out on a battlefield or on a battle-wagon even thousands of miles away, within forty-eight hours or less that injured hero can very possibly be lying snugly between clean white sheets in a base hospital in his homeland. If his injuries are such that discharge from active service is necessary, his mustering-out pay has never been exceeded by any other army in the world.

While in the service of his country, his dependents receive money benefits in addition to his regular pay, which also is higher than that received by other armies. Should he die in the service, an insurance policy issued by the government takes care of his survivors in a substantial way.

Our Catholic boys are sheltered from the enemies of the soul by a force of chaplains as zealous for victory of the soul as military leaders are for that of the body. In addition to the many benefits already listed in this article, our Catholic boys have one other great advantage. They have not only a LIFE insurance policy, but also a DEATH insurance policy given them by their Holy Catholic Church.

Yes, the Catholic Church is in the insurance business. But while other

worldly companies insure *against* death, our divine company insures *for* death.

The basic methods of transacting business are much the same with the life insurance companies as with our death insurance one. You pay your

first premium the day you are baptized. This premium is such a large one that at times for years no other premium payment is necessary.

When premium payments finally do become due, usually at the age of reason, worthy reception of the



"Don't try to build a skyscraper in Boston no matter how much it may be needed because legally it can't be done.

In Massachusetts it's against the law for you to lounge on the shelves in a bakery.



Connecticut has a law that forbids a man to shave on Sunday.

sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist comprise these payments. The more often these payments are made—weekly or even daily—the greater the benefits you receive and the more insurance you will have for death.

The worldly insurance companies, paradoxically enough, sell you their insurance saying that at death they will pay *you* a given amount of money. However, at death, they pay you nothing at all. Your estate collects. However, if you have fulfilled all the conditions in the Church's policy, the Church will pay not your heirs, not your estate, but will pay you the pearl of great price—an eternity of bliss with God in Heaven.

Your soldier or sailor has with him always—in camp and in battle—the

insurance adjuster—the Catholic priest, who is ever ready and anxious that he receive the full benefits of his policy. Should he get into trouble with the Main Office, the priest is at his service to intercede for him and put him back in the good graces of the Executive—Almighty God.

How happy, then, we should be that our fighting boys are so well taken care of—not only physically but especially spiritually. When in the business of dealing out death and destruction to our enemies, our boys, too, are continually faced with that same violent end. How very important it is, then, that a good death should be ever the goal of those who are so very near to this world's exit.

You readers who have relatives or friends in the services can do your

share to keep this goal in their plain sight by sending them, along with your letters, little prayer leaflets or leaflets of instruction or edification, not to mention the host of worthwhile and enlivening pamphlets and booklets published by the Catholic press.

If you think these are dull, uninteresting or even depressing, you are on your way to a pleasant awakening, as the perusal of any one of the modern products of the Catholic Press will prove to you conclusively.

Don't let one single letter go out to the boys in the service without something Catholic in it. Remember—they are face to face with death and eternity. Do your part to see that they will be ready when and if the time comes while on the battlefield.

# GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.

## MEET MRS. CHUZA



"Joanna, the wife of Chuza."  
St. Luke 8:3.

**Y**OU MEET her twice in the Gospel narrative. St. Luke mentions her along with the other women "who used to provide for Christ and the Apostles out of their means," calling her Joanna, the wife of Chuza, Herod's steward. On Easter morning we find her at the sepulchre with the other holy women where they received the commission from the angel to tell the apostles the glad news. "Now, it was Mary Magdalene and Joanna and Mary, the mother of James, and the other women who were with them, who were telling these things to the Apostles" (St. Luke 24:10).

Joanna's husband, Chuza, was the *steward* or procurator of Herod. Some think he was the royal official whose son was healed at Capharnaum. Joanna is said to have been delivered by Christ from possession or some other malady. Both had reasons to be deeply grateful by being the *stewards* of God's gifts. For these bodily blessings Joanna took from her bulging purse or well-stocked larder "God's gifts" and gave them back to Him and the apostles. For the Psalmist sings: "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof" (Ps. 23:1). And God Himself speaks through the mouth of the Prophet Aggeus: "The silver is Mine, and the gold is Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts" (2:9). Thus, when we give alms we distribute what belongs to another, not to ourselves. Consequently, earthly riches should be employed only in accordance with the commands of God. We are not at liberty to use our senses and members of our body as we choose, but only as God ordains. As good stewards of His property we must employ it to His glory and for the welfare of our needy and suffering fellow-men.

# Who Trespass Against Us

Dave Carew

**I**T was a bunch of prying busybodies that drove Les Summers away from Marsh City. He was making a great comeback in Uncle Ben's store, till they started their work. And no one could have helped Les readjust himself to society better than Benjamin Jilton.

Uncle Ben came to Marsh City six years ago, and took over a grocery store, living upstairs by himself. He was a slight, stoop-shouldered man of sixty-four, and frequently I was called in to doctor him for his heart spells. He used to whistle with those thin lips of his as he went about his work, but sometimes I'd catch a melancholy look in his deep-set eyes. It must have been rather lonely till Les came.

He had one daughter in Spokane, Washington, but had never mentioned a son. His wife passed on a year before he came here.

Uncle Ben's business was just so-so, except for the kids who crowded there after his candy and novelties. Uncle Ben could never get mad at them. Once I saw him slip a handful of jelly beans to the wildest youngster in Marsh City, just a few weeks after the boy had deliberately upset a crate of eggs in Uncle Ben's place.

Then he took Leslie Summers on as partner. Soon there were special sales and little bargains that began to attract the housewives of Marsh City. And Uncle Ben's Grocery started to look as neat and tidy as a drum. Les shooed Uncle Ben's two big tomcats out of their favorite spots in the window and dressed it up with catchy displays.

But Uncle Ben wouldn't raise a finger—anything that Les did was all right with him. Within eight months, they had to hire a part-time clerk to help out.

Les handled the customers politely, filled their orders quickly, and to perfection, and pleased them in every way—except one. Every successful grocer in Marsh City who wants to hold his customers, has to keep this item in stock—gossip. But Les wouldn't pass any comment further than the state of the weather outside. Folks were anxious to know where he came from. Was he still single? He was rather young looking—about twenty-eight. Did he have a family? And was he any relation to Uncle Ben?

Well, one day the gossips got hold of a morsel to keep them chewing for months. Uncle Ben was reading a letter and Les was eating lunch upstairs. Uncle Ben set the letter down a little forgetfully when two customers came into the grocery. While he was at the other end of the place for a sack of potatoes, one of those Paul Pry's craned his neck over the counter and read the return address on the envelope. It happened to be from the parole board of the state penitentiary.

From that time on, folks got real snappy with Les, counted their change twice, and avoided ordering from him when they could get out of it. But if there was any doubt that Les's past was still a secret, the children of Marsh City dispelled that. They started to whisper and point, and carried on like scared rabbits whenever they came into the store. In a month's time, there wasn't enough trade to keep Uncle Ben and Les busy full time.

Then, as he told me later, Uncle Ben got up one morning to find a note pinned to his trousers. It was from Les, saying that he couldn't begin to thank Uncle Ben for all he had done—a father couldn't mean more to him. But it was time to check out before he ruined the business. He guessed there was nothing left to do but go back to the kind of people who didn't nose around about a fellow's private affairs.

A couple days after that, Uncle Ben had a severe heart attack. When I got there, he told me it was from lugging a hundred pound sack of sugar too far. Well, I gave him a sedative to quiet him down, then said I had a bit of news to tell him.

"You're right," I said, as Uncle Ben struggled up on one elbow to question me. "It's about Les. They're bringing him back today."

"What's happened? What'd he do?" Uncle Ben's eyes fastened to mine.

"Les was hitch-hiking—got as far as Carson last night." I spoke the next words as gently as I could. "The driver didn't have a chance to see him. Jammed on his brakes, but it was too late."

Uncle Ben lay slowly back on the pillow.

"The ways of the Lord aren't our ways," was all he said.

"Father Brennan gave him the last sacraments—he went quietly." I could say that truthfully, since I'd just come from the hospital.



# THE QUESTION BOX

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

## A Story of Race Prejudice

In a recent number of *Life* magazine I read about the much talked-about book, *Black Boy* written by the negro writer, Richard Wright. What is your frank opinion of this book?—Indiana.

This book is a record of the childhood and youth of a Southern negro who suffered cruelly at the hands of almost everyone who came in contact with him. It is Wright's own story told in the form of a novel. The author of *Native Son* tells how his own father was the first shadow in his life; even his mother made him suffer. He suffered from the people who were determined to keep him in his place—the place of the debased and downtrodden "nigger." Wright's refusal to be kept in a place of human debasement because he was black and also ambitious was at the core of all his mental pain and maladjustment. It is a brutally told story with the details of his raw environment frankly described. Some of these details will shock the sensitive and conscientious reader; there

is, for instance, a hatred of religion in the story only because the writer's own experience with evangelical Protestantism left him so empty and with such a poor opinion of "pious" people. The emotional experience or climax which some people call conversion was never Mr. Wright's lot. Nor had he any desire for it. Perhaps, if his own environment had been as refined as the well-bred colored writer, Elizabeth Adams his story might have been more patiently told. *Dark Symphony* was written in the patient language of a woman; but *Black Boy* is told with the fury of a black man who rebels against the place and position in life assigned him by white people. The book is a bit morbid; the eloquence of the writer's message is spoiled by inexcusable obscenities the presence of which deter me from recommending the book to any but the most mature class of readers.

## Brother Petroc and Modern Monasticism

I would like to know whether or not the rural Benedictine abbey of

today, such as St. Meinrad's, represents a closer approach to ancient customs and traditions of monasticism. After reading the book, *Brother Petroc's Return* I am wondering whether the author is giving a true picture of a Benedictine abbey, or an imaginary one.—New Jersey.

A modern Benedictine abbey is not a museum. It is not a place where ancient customs are held sacred for their own sake. While the central place of honor is reserved for the Divine Office in choir, and the spirituality derives its vitality from the liturgy of the Office and Mass, the monks have a realistic view of modern needs and problems. Interiorly the spirit of the modern Benedictine abbey at St. Meinrad is not different from that of the ancient abbey of Brother Petroc in Cornwall. Externally many customs have been changed to suit life in the twentieth century. The English author of *Brother Petroc's Return* draws a fairly accurate picture of life in a Benedictine abbey today.

Uncle Ben's face relaxed into a smile.

"I'm glad for him. The boy was a good boy. If he'd only been given a chance at the start—"

"You knew him when he was young?" I said for an opener. Because I could see Uncle Ben needed to talk, as he lay there smoothing the bed-sheets in long, steady strokes.

"Hope to tell you I did!" He kept on in his deliberate way and his eyes wandered over the patched ceiling. "Les Summers grew up in Portage, my own home town. He was mischievous—always on the loose. Led a gang of kids like himself. Everyone predicted he'd come to a bad end. But he just needed a little kindness to bring out the best in him. His parents were divorced, and his ma didn't take any more care of him than the family cat.

"Well, he managed to grow to twenty-one without getting into any serious scrapes. Then he fell in love with a pretty young girl in our neighborhood. That was fine, except for the fact another fellow had the same notions about her as he did. The rivalry got pretty hot, and one night Les was passing the girl's porch where she and the other fellow were sitting. There was a showdown. They got insulting with each other and Les went out of his head—got a shotgun and killed the other fellow on the spot."

I tried to ease Uncle Ben back on the pillow, sympathizing at the "tragic affair" as I called it. But he was bound to finish.

"Sure it was a blow. Especially to the family of the lad that was killed. But they forgave Les. And he's forgiven to this day. The boy he shot was my own son!"

## The Courtship of Ragged Robin



The Ragged Robins have a son;  
He's ragged too, though sweet and  
clean,  
But when he tried to court the girls  
They treated Ragged Robin mean.

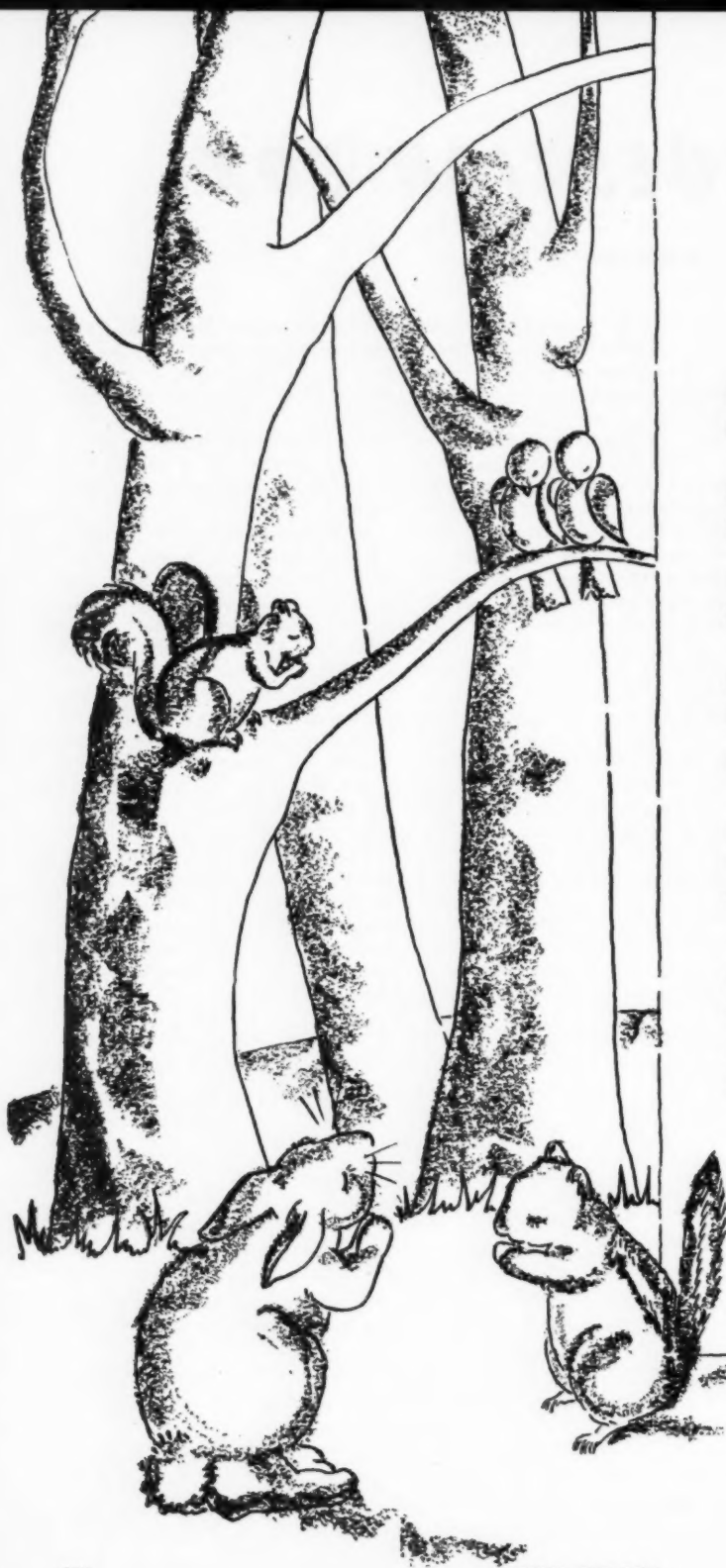
He called on haughty Touch-me-not;  
She scorned his clothes; he said, "Your  
dress  
Is faded, and you paint your cheeks,  
In fact poor girl, you're quite a mess!"

When Black-eyed Susan laughed at  
him

He said, "I do not want a girl  
With tomboy ways and yellow hair  
That hangs straight down without a  
curl."

But sweet blue-eyed Forget-me-not  
Was kind to him ; he made a date  
And thus was Ragged Robin saved  
From Bachelor Button's awful fate.

Hallie Whitaker



# Immaculate Heart of Mary



**A**T THE time of the last World war, Pope Benedict XV appealed to the world for a Crusade of Prayer to Our Lady Mediatrix of Graces to bring peace to suffering humanity. Eight days later, on the Feast of Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, May 13, 1917, the Queen of Heaven appeared to three children, Jacinta, Francisco, and Lucia, shepherds of Fatima, Portugal. They had devoutly said the Angelus and were reciting the Rosary as was their custom each day, when they were startled by a flash of lightning. As they hastened to gather their sheep to a shelter, another flash of lightning followed. Looking up, they beheld the Mother of God.

Our Lady assured the children they had nothing to fear. She asked them to come to the same spot the 13th of each month until October, when a great miracle would happen.

The apparitions continued as she foretold. Among other things, Mary proclaimed herself Our Lady of the Rosary. Her message to the world was to do penance, to consecrate the world to her Immaculate Heart, and to have recourse to her especially through the devout recitation of the Rosary.

On Oct. 13, the great miracle took place when "the sun trembled as though shaken by a giant hand and with quick, abrupt movements began to spin around like a wheel of fire." This phenomenon was visible to the assembled crowd of 70,000 people. While this happened, the children saw four successive tableaux—the Holy Family, Our Lord as a young man blessing the people, Our Lady of Sorrows, and Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

Jacinta's words of the apparition are summed up as follows: "What Our Lady of the Rosary wants us to do most of all is to say the Rosary every day, adding after each decade, 'O my Jesus, forgive us our sins! Deliver us from the flames of hell! Have pity on the souls in purgatory especially the most abandoned.'"

The Blessed Mother told the little ones that, if the world did not give up its sinful ways and return to God, a worse war would follow. She pointed out that she alone could bring about the end of the war.

Pope Pius XII has consecrated the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary and has publicly expressed confidence in the Fatima apparitions.

Pope Pius X in 1912 approved of the Five First Saturdays in honor of Mary's Immaculate Heart. The Congregation of Rites in 1914 named the Saturday after the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus the Feast of Mary's Immaculate Heart, although this feast has not yet been extended to the Universal Church. November 7, 1942 the present Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, who was consecrated Bishop on May 13, 1917, the very day of the apparition of Mary's Immaculate Heart at Fatima, Portugal, because of the silver jubilee of both occurrences consecrated the human race to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

During the apparition Mary had predicted that with the consecration of mankind to her Immaculate Heart hostilities would soon cease. It is reported that in the last twenty-five years more than two hundred outstanding miracles have taken place at this new shrine of Our Lady. We exhort you to practice this devotion, to make the Five First Saturdays, to pray that the feast of Mary's Pure Heart be extended to the Universal Church and to recite daily if possible, the Litany of the Immaculate Heart of Mary. The Feast is celebrated on August 22nd.

(Copies of the Litany of the Immaculate Heart of Mary can be obtained from The Grail Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana).

# THE CATHOLIC AUFKLÄRUNG

## *Will It Enlighten "The American Century"?*

Liam Brophy, B.Ph.

WITH the conversion of John Henry Newman one hundred years ago the Catholic *Aufklärung* began, and Catholicism, which had for so long stood timidly on the defensive, passed over to the attack. A veritable army of the intelligentsia which had looked to Newman for leadership in the Anglican days came over and took their place behind him on the Catholic Front. There were clashes and "incidents" here and there, of course, but not till Newman's skirmish with the Protestant Kingsley did the whole front flare up. The sudden "Illumination" had come. Kingsley had said that Catholic priests taught that truth was not a virtue, and pointed to Newman as a priest who actually said so. Then Newman overwhelmed him with the mercilessly well-directed barrage of the *Apologia*, whereof the thunder still fills the theological world. Many of Newman's opponents were amazed at his strength and skill till "e'n the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer." But Newman did far more than justify himself in the face of slander. He revealed his own strength and the strength of the Catholic camp into which he had passed. It was a revelation to his enemies. To the Catholics themselves it was a revelation. They found themselves far stronger than they supposed in their united front before a disintegrating and disuniting enemy, and their literature began to ring with notes of triumph and fearless chivalry.

The Catholic Enlightenment has become steadily brighter as the social and political horizons of the world have become darkened. Writers, artists, and all those who have a care for culture and the sacred traditions of our civilization, which was begun and nurtured by the Church, have come to see in her the only safeguard of spiritual values in the centuries ahead. For the great conflict of our time is the war between the forces of materialism, mustering its forces under the general leadership of Communism, and the forces of the spirit, gathering under the aegis of the one Institution which alone shows promise of surviving the conflict—the Catholic Church. Even non-Catholics have come to see that the future issue will be between

Catholicism and Communism, wherein there can be no compromise. Thus Irving Babbitt wrote: "The choice to which the modern man will finally be reduced, it has been said, is that of being a Bolshevik or a Jesuit. In that case (assuming that by a Jesuit is meant the Ultra-montane Catholic) there does not seem to be much room for hesitation. Ultra-montane Catholicism does not, like Bolshevism, strike at the very roots of civilization. In fact, under certain conditions that are already in sight, the Catholic Church may perhaps be the only institution left in the Occident that can be counted upon to uphold civilized standards."

It may be that because the poets are of all people the most desirous of beauty and truth that they were foremost in the Catholic Revival. Typical of such poets were Ernest Dowson and Oscar Wilde. Though Dowson wrote but little, what he did write was almost flawless; and his *Non Sum Qualis Eram* has been hailed by critics as the most representative poem of the Victorian era. The poem expresses the weariness of soul that followed the cult of pleasure and plenty, the *tedium vitae* that goes before great revelations. Dowson, like so many literary men of his age, including Verlaine, drifted from doubt to despair. He spent the best part of his life wandering aimlessly between London and Paris, thirsting all the while for Beauty and craving for some abiding source of spiritual strength that should sustain him. And when, near the close of his troubled life he found the beauty and strength in the Catholic Church, he explained to his friends and critics: "I have become a Catholic as every artist must."

Of Wilde it was well said that he had the courage of other men's convictions, and that when his age, the age of elegant artificialities, saw itself mirrored so faithfully in him, it turned on him in rage to destroy him. Wilde certainly had more courage than his critics. He pushed their ideas to such logical conclusions that he came out on the other side, even if the other side was the slum in Paris where he was received into the Church on his deathbed. And around his neck they placed a Rosary



and on his breast a picture of St. Francis, for the Queen of Poets and the Poverello have a deep understanding of such wavering, beauty-haunted souls. It is not without significance that Dowson and Wilde both died on the very threshold of our century, in the year 1900.

The names of the poet-advance guard of the *Aufklärung* sound like a roll-call of genius; Father Hopkins, the father of modern English poetry, who was guided personally by Newman; Aubrey de Vere, one of the greatest Anglo-Irish poets; Lionel Johnson, who, though born and reared in England, became more Irish than the Irish themselves; Alice Meynell of the flawless poetic cameos, and others, such as Francis Thompson, the Dante of our times, who were born into the Faith. After the poets in point of time have come the poet-apologists such as Belloc and Chesterton, and the novelists and prose-writers, such as Maurice Baring, Compton Mackenzie, Sir Philip Gibbs, Wyndham Lewis, J. B.

Morton and Fr. Ronald Knox. Clearly the Catholic *Aufklärung* is broadening into an intenser day in the English-speaking parts of the Old World.

When we connect the Catholic Enlightenment with the English-speaking world we do not wish to ignore the great contributions of France, the eldest daughter of the Church, as manifested in the work of men such as Claudel, Maritain, Ghéon, Bremond, Bourget and Bordeaux, or of the great converts of other countries, such as Joergensen in Denmark, Papini in Italy, Karl Adam in Germany, and Berdyaev in Russia. The Catholic *Aufklärung* seems to have adopted English much in the same way as the early Church adopted the Latin of the Roman civilization into which it was born, for the widest possible dissemination of the Gospel Seed among the nations of the earth.

The course of the Catholic Enlightenment in America seems to accord with the famous definition

## Mission Intention for the Month of August

### The Missions to the Mohammedans in North Africa, Syria and Java

The unwarranted complacency resultant upon the European so-called "peace making" has received a severe jolt. Already there are discernible rumblings of renewed warfare emanating from that cradle of strife, the Middle East.

One of the disastrous consequences of the unfortunate Treaty of Versailles was the planting and nurturing of the seeds of nationalism, which, during the past twenty-six years, have developed cancerous-like roots, spreading in all directions. Protesting loudly for the rights of the minorities, the makers of that treaty eliminated from its deliberations the one representative who could speak for the universal brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God. There was no room for Christ's Vicar at that epoch-making meeting, and, founded upon merely human principles, the peace of Versailles died "aborning."

Within the past four years we have witnessed the dreadful consequences of over developed nationalism in Germany. But the seeds of its errors found another outlet among the disciples of Mohammed. For the first time in centuries the farflung followers of the Prophet felt the urge for union, and world leaders, whether in ignorance or greed for power, helped foster these plans. The Arabic Union was the consequence.

Syria formed a part of that Union, and, as a result, once more constitutes the cauldron for the witches' brew of unrest. As a report of June 3rd reminds us the Arabs of Syria form a united front which has the power and the will to offset French influence and authority. Northern Africa is also included in that Union, and, as the gateway to the Orient and the stepping stone from the old to the new world, holds possibilities for a determined stand against those who would try to suppress Islamic power.

While there has been no mention of Java in the present Moslem unrest it must be remembered that this, the most populous land mass in the world, may constitute the third focal point for global movement. It is the hub of the Netherlands East Indies, where more than 41 million Mohammedans are crowded into a very limited space. Prior to the war 100,000 Moslem Javanese were forced to leave for Sumatra annually in order to earn a meagre living in the jungles of that neighboring island. There, removed from the fanaticism of their homeland there is hope that they may be won in time to Christianity.

While the future remains hidden from us the wisdom of the Holy See is once more revealed by a review of the above facts. If we may ever hope for a real and lasting peace let us unite our prayers for "the missions to the Mohammedans in North Africa, Syria and Java," for charity is the only weapon that can stem the tide which threatens to repeat the Prophet's devastating raids of thirteen centuries ago.

Right Rev. Msgr. Thomas J. McDonnell

National Director

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

of history as "a record of great names;" as opposed to the evolutionary conception. Dr. Edman has pointed out that America remained dependent intellectually long after it had ceased to be so politically. In the colonial period and until the middle of the 19th century the chief writers were preoccupied with theological speculations. Writers such as Jonathan Edwards were lecturers by purpose and litterateurs by accident. Emerson was a liberal-minded clergyman.

It is precisely with Emerson that we see American literature emerge from the very tight and stifling swaddling-bands of Puritanism, and, while still drawing inspiration from the European tradition, giving that tradition an interpretation that befitted a New World, ready for all possible adventures of the spirit. The Puritans had already left an indelible mark on the culture of the country. "There is a legend," writes Charles Angoff, "that despite their barbarous theology and their savage morality, they were devoted to learning and thus performed a service in the establishment of American literature." (*A Literary History of the American People*) However, it seems that the New Englanders were mainly preoccupied with problems of election and damnation, and so nullified all possible good that could have been derived from the literary and educational system which they established.\* The real beginning of American literature came from the men who reacted against the Puritan tradition of New England, from the transcendentalists such as Emerson and Thoreau. The Catholic *Aufklärung* in America began in the life-time of these reactionaries.

Orestes Brownson, the greatest figure of the Enlightenment, entered the Catholic Church in 1844, in which year John Banister Tabb, its greatest poet was born, which was one year before Thoreau took up his abode beside Walden Pond to write the Declaration of Independence of American literature.

It seemed at one time that Brownson might exert the same influence in the New World as Newman in the Old. He had been bound up in his earlier days with the transcendentalist movement and the New England Renaissance, and it might have been supposed that he would draw many of his confrères with him into the Church as Newman had brought some of the Oxford Movement devotees. There was a feeling of reaction against all religion in the air, due to a plethora of Puritanism. What the members of the New England movement wanted was a

type of Protestant Humanism, a creed of culture, a Christianity-without-tears based on noble sentiments. What Brownson sought was a firm dogmatic foundation to an exacting Faith that should rule the whole province of life. The tide of American Romanticism was against him, and with the exception of Isaac Hecker, he made no disciples from its ranks.

Brownson did immense service for the Catholic Press in America. Before his coming it had been timid and ignored as of no practical consequence. Brownson, in the name of his two million fellow-Catholics, issued a Declaration of Independence and emancipated it from Puritan and Protestant prejudice and infused his own courage and strength of spirit into it. To the majority of his countrymen Catholic literature had seemed to be a pale and pious affair. Brownson disabused them of the notion. "Catholic literature," he wrote, "is robust and healthy, of a ruddy complexion and full of life. It knows no sadness but sadness for sin, and it rejoices evermore. It eschews melancholy as the devil's best friend on earth, abhors the morbid sentimentality which feeds upon itself and grows by what it feeds upon. It may be grave, but it never mopes; tender, affectionate, but never weak or sickly. It washes its face, anoints its head, puts on its festive robes, goes forth into the fresh air, the bright sunshine, and when occasion requires, rings out the merry laugh that does one's heart good to hear." These notes are easily recognized in the work of Louise Guiney, Maurice Francis Egan, Kate Chopin, the poet-priests, Fr. Tabb and Fr. Abram Ryan and all sound together in the ringing lines of Kilmer. So far the Catholic *Aufklärung* in America seems to be sustained by brilliant writers working individually, such as Fr. Farrell, O.P., Fr. Feeney, Dorothy Day, editor of *The Catholic Worker*, and the scholarly apologist Ross Hoffman, rather than promoted by a co-ordinated movement. These are the pioneers of the spirit, imbued with the eagerness of pioneers to shape new worlds, rooted in no tradition, but rather creating one as they open up fresh horizons of the mind. It is men and women such as these, aided by the adaptability and flexibility which form the essence of the American character, who dare to dream the most heart-lifting dream of our time—that of inspiring "The American Century" with the vital spirit of the Catholic Enlightenment. Let those who hesitate to dare with them take courage from Abraham Lincoln's words in John Drinkwater's play: "And then we have got to build a new world for ourselves." "Out of nothing?" "Out of a dream. There are worse foundations."

\* (Vide *The Founding of New England*, by Adams)

# She Used to be A Catholic

Anna Margaret Record

I WONDER, sometimes, if anybody else knows the positive people I know. I don't mean the Leaders, efficient people who sweep past the little boondogglers like me to *get things done*; I mean people who are always positive about things they know nothing about. The kind of people who make pointless mistakes—like the one I made the other day.

"I see that Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Brown have a son," remarked Aunt Elspeth mildly, glancing at the Hospital News on the back page of the local paper. "You know he married Hildegarde Thompson."

"Did he, Auntie? Are you sure?" I interpolated brightly. "I thought it was Polly."

"Why, he married the oldest one, didn't he?"

"No, he married Polly. I heard Jane say he did. She's the second one."

"Well... maybe... but I *thought*..."

"I'm sure it was Polly, Auntie. Hildegarde is working in Indianapolis."

Well—that ended that, till I had a chance to see Jane. It was Hildegarde that Clifford married, and Polly is working in Indianapolis. Convinced beyond doubt of my rather pointless error, I felt obliged to hunt up Aunt Elspeth and admit that my positive, authoritative statements weren't based on facts. I dislike doing such things; everybody does. It's like insisting flatly that "quintuplet" is pronounced "quin tupp let" and then having somebody drag you to a dictionary and prove beyond doubt that Webster prefers "quin tuplet." It's a rude awakening for one's ego, there's no question about it.

And there are legions of people, I've decided, who are due for a rude awakening of another type. Not, of course, about such trivial things as the wedding of Hildegarde or Polly Thompson. About vital things. You meet them everywhere, people who state "facts," who make demands, who with every syllable betray their ignorance of the very thing they are discussing with assumed—or pre-

sumed—authority. Religion is one of these things, more specifically Catholicism.

No matter how many people assert, "In the Twentieth Century, religion is a dead pigeon!" the mere assertion doesn't make the statement true. It isn't true, unless a corpse is a lively topic of conversation. Never yet have I had fellow bus passengers work themselves into a passion of resentment (or praise) toward the Egyptian pyramids and their mummied occupants! Why not? Well—after all, it's hardly a live topic, is it? Do you think you could work up a heated argument regarding the claims of Bonnie Prince Charlie to the English throne? Or the right of women to vote? Or the capture and sale of Negroes into slavery? See what I mean? Dead issues are dead issues. They no longer hold the fire that will draw fire.

But let someone state sententiously in a crowded drawing room, "My Congressman intends to introduce a bill in the House to prohibit the sale of contraceptives!" See what happens. When you can get a word in edgewise, add wisely, "The Catholic Church is back of it! I know plenty I *could* tell!" You'll "learn" more about the Church than Maria Monk ever dreamed of!

I "learn" such things frequently—and never by baiting a trap. They are thrust on me, ordinarily, out of a clear sky. For example, last month the man who shared my bus seat pointed at my copy of *Our Sunday Visitor*.

"My wife used to be a Catholic."

Instantly my attention was arrested. Spiritual tragedy lay behind that phrasing "Used to be?"

"Yes, she stopped going to Church. I told her if she wanted to go, I wouldn't stand in her way—I'm a Protestant myself—but after the way they treated us, she felt she couldn't belong to a Church like that."

"You mean the Church mistreated you?"

"Well, it wasn't right, any way you look at it." He brooded bitterly. Deciding to confide in me—I have a sympathetic face—he went on. "My wife was a Catholic, and she wanted to be married in

her own Church. I didn't care as much as she did, things like that mean more to women—though I had a sort of hankering to be married by a minister—so I said sure, I'd find out what she believed. I took the instructions, and I didn't feel I could enter the Church, but I told my wife we'd be married by a priest—it's got to be all their own way, you know, in the Catholic Church—so we went to be married. That priest took me aside—he let us *come*, mind you, on the very day—and said, 'I'm sorry about this, but I have bad news for you. I won't be able to marry you, and neither can any other priest. Your fiancée should have told me you were divorced.'

"Some doublecrossing blabbermouth had telephoned that priest, and if I ever find out who—well, if he'd kept *still* everything would have been all right."

"You mean your wife knew you were divorced and didn't tell the priest?" I was a trifle bewildered.

"Of course, she knew it. I didn't know they had a rule against it then, but someone had to ruin things by tattling."

"But it wouldn't have made any difference," I protested, still bewildered. "The law exists whether the priest were deceived or not. Concealing it wouldn't have changed the law." I didn't like to say, "Your marriage wouldn't have been valid, anyway." Put like that, it sounds so bald.

My companion nodded gloomily without conviction. "I suppose not. But it was a dirty trick, all right." Then, visibly, he brightened. "My wife told the priest what she thought of it, too. She quoted the Old Testament to him and proved men took wives after they were married once!"

"What did the priest say then?" I inquired, unable to resist. "Did he quote Christ's words on divorce and remarriage?"

He looked a little funny. "Why, yes! How did you guess?—But, just the same, she made out a good case, and I don't know but what she got the better of it. And then the priest told her she wasn't a good Catholic! What do you think of that?"

"Well," I said slowly, "she couldn't have been. . ."

"I suppose maybe she wasn't, but it all seems so unreasonable. Then we had to find a minister to marry us, and she'd wanted it the other way. I told her not to let it make any difference, to go on to Church when she felt like going, but after all this happened I didn't feel I could attend services in a Catholic Church. But I told her if I ever felt differently, I'd tell her, and we'd both be Catholics. . ."

I was listening in utter amazement. The man beside me, apparently intelligent and educated, had no conception at all of what his wife had done in leaving the Church! Certainly, she could "attend services." She could go to Mass—but not to the Sacraments. By her own action, she was locked away from the very heart of the Mass. He thought he had only to say the word and *he* could enter the Church! Most amazing of all, he thought the Church had even no right to regulate marriages within her own fold! If she could be hoodwinked by concealing a vital fact, so much to the good. The priest's refusal to perform the marriage ceremony and his undoubted explanation for that refusal had meant no more than a baffling caprice to this non-Catholic. Someone had been a doublecrossing rat to inform the priest that one party to the proposed marriage was a grass widower! Had the villain kept his mouth shut, things would have been "all right," that was all.

In brief, my companion's attitude was simply that the Church was on trial. When he and his wife had relented and were ready to forgive the Church, it could come back into favor again and they would "be Catholic"—a man remarried after divorce and a woman who loved one of God's creatures more than the Creator who forbade her to marry him! My lips parted wordlessly. May I be forgiven if I were wrong, but my impulse to explain the situation, or at least to try, died away; you can't explain such things to strangers. Almost undoubtedly my seat mate would have been insulted, not convinced. Though I had the tongue of an angel, I couldn't have penetrated his shell of (I fear) invincible ignorance.

Dumbly I sat there, marveling at his conception of Catholicism. If his assumptions, stated for the most part flatly and authoritatively, had been true, to what a monstrous organization of vice we Catholics would owe allegiance! It would, of necessity, be divided, unholy, sectarian, and man-made, Divided—on marriage; unholy—as having rejected Christ; sectarian—for the universal Church cannot countenance any teachings except His; man-made, not Apostolic—for no apostle contradicted His Lord.

The false concepts in the minds of our non-Catholic neighbors constitute an "unfinished task" which will remain before us so long as the Christian Church is split by heresies. With every apostate or "fallen away" Catholic, more responsibility devolves on the faithful. "She *used to be* a Catholic," is a call to battle! To bear witness to the truth is why we are here and why we must strive to hold Catholic doctrine clear and shining and unsullied above the discolored ideals of the world.



# THE CHILDREN OF FATIMA

Mary Fabyan Windeatt

Illustrated by Gedge Harmon

**Note:** With this issue *The Grail* brings to its readers the story of our Blessed Mother's appearances at Fatima in Portugal. It is hoped that those who read this account will pray the Rosary more frequently and make reparation for the sins of the world through devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and thus bring about the conversion of Russia to the True Faith, and peace to all the world.



**I**T was a cool spring morning in the year 1916 in which the three children, natives of the Portuguese village of Fatima, saw nothing unusual. As was their custom, they had arisen before dawn, eaten breakfast, then driven their parents' sheep to pasture. There had been the usual chatter along the road, the usual plans for games once the sheep were dispersed. And now it was raining, the chill drizzle that was to be expected in early spring.

"We mustn't get too wet," said six-year-old Jacinta. "Lucia, maybe we should go to the cave today."

"Of course we should!" cried her eight-year-old brother Francisco. "It would be easy to watch the sheep from there."

Their cousin, aged nine, surveyed the dreary landscape with a critical eye. This pasture where they had brought the sheep belonged to her parents. It was only a small field with a few straggling rows of olive trees at one end, but there was also a little rise of ground nearby, surmounted by a windmill. In the side of this hill was the cave—

assuredly the best shelter the place afforded.

"All right," she said finally. "You carry the lunch boxes, Francisco, and see that they don't get wet. I guess the sheep will be all right by themselves for a while."

A bit breathless, the three finally reached the cave. It was dark inside, and rather cramped, but the young shepherds gave no thought to this. They were used to the place, for they frequently played here even on sunny days. Besides, the cave was dry and commanded a good view of the pasture. It would be easy to notice it if the sheep began to stray.

For a while the children amused themselves with talk. Was it going to rain all day? Or would the sun come out so that they could play the Echo Game outside on the hill?

"I do hope the sun comes out," said Jacinta, shivering a little. "It's going to be dull if we have to stay in this place all day."

Francisco agreed, although he was not too interested in the Echo Game. Of course it was fun to stand on the hilltop and shout different words

into the still country air, then hear them come back from the distance. But it was even better to hunt through the pasture for stones, drag them into place and then build a house.

"If it clears up, I'll build a really *big* house," he told the two girls. "It'll be the finest house you ever saw!"

Lucia laughed. Francisco was a year younger than she. Since he was a boy, he was a little inclined to think himself skilled at house-building. Yet he knew, and Jacinta knew, that it was really Lucia who was the leader. And why not? Wasn't she the oldest? And the only one of the three children who had made her First Communion?

"We can decide what we'll do later," she said. "Right now let's see what we have for lunch."

An hour later the children had finished the bread, fruit, and cheese which their mothers had packed for them. Then, seeing that the rain was almost over, Francisco suggested that they go outside to play. But Lucia would not listen. It was noon, wasn't it? And they had finished their lunch? Very well. Now they must say the Rosary, as was the custom of countryfolk for miles around.

Francisco sighed. He had never been very fond of the Rosary—or of going to church. Deep in his heart was the feeling that such things were meant for women and girls. Yet there was no use arguing with Lucia, and so he fumbled in a pocket and brought out a small wooden rosary.

"Hurry up, then," he said, "and as soon as we finish, I'm going to build the stone house. Just wait until you see how big and beautiful it is!"

For a few minutes all was peaceful in the cave as the three children told their beads. But a passer-by would have been very much surprised at the manner in which the little shepherds honored the Mother of God. To save time, they said only the first two words of the *Our Father* on the large beads and the first two words of the *Hail Mary* on the small ones, for long ago they had discovered that in this way an entire Rosary could be recited in the twinkling of an eye!

Presently their prayers were finished, and Francisco looked hopefully at Lucia. "Now we can go and play?"

"No. It's still raining."

"But just a little!"

Jacinta gave a quick glance outside the cave. "It's only a fine mist, Lucia."

"That doesn't matter!"

"But the house! I want to start looking for stones!"

"You stay with me, Francisco. You, too, Jacinta. We can have a game in here."

Reluctantly the two children sat down again on the dirt floor of the cave. Lucia was the oldest, and long ago they had been told that they must obey her whenever they spent the day away from home. But as they sat, amusing one another with stories, a sudden gust of wind caused them to look up. Before they could worry as to whether or not a fresh storm was brewing, an amazing sight greeted them. Above the straggling olive trees at the far end of the field was a beautiful white light. It shone like the purest snow, the clearest crystal! But it was not still. It was moving—across the tops of the trees, across the open expanse of pasture, towards the cave!

The three children stared in awed silence as the strange glow approached and they saw that in its very center stood a young man. He wore flowing white garments such as the three had noticed in pictures of angels and saints in the parish church. But this was no picture. It was real!

"Fear not," said the stranger, smiling at the frightened youngsters. "I am the Angel of Peace." Then, kneeling, he touched his forehead to the ground. "Pray with me," he said.

Scarcely knowing what they did, the little shepherds fell upon their knees and imitated the actions of the strange young man. When he spoke, they repeated his words:

"Oh, my God, I believe in Thee! I adore Thee! I hope in Thee, and I love Thee! I ask pardon for those who do not believe, do not adore, do not hope, and who do not love Thee."

Three times the angel said this prayer, then arose and smiled again upon the children. "Pray thus," he invited. "The Hearts of Jesus and Mary will hear your petitions."

The next moment he was gone, leaving the children more awestruck than they had ever been in their lives. Indeed, when they returned to their homes that night, they could not bring themselves to speak of the day's great event to anyone. Somehow the angel's visit was too holy and beautiful for words.

It was not until mid-summer that the angel came again. "Pray! Pray a great deal," he told the children this time. "The Hearts of Jesus and Mary have merciful designs on you. Offer prayers and sacrifices continually to the Most High."

Lucia hesitated, wondering whether or not it was proper to speak to an angel. Then a wave of courage swept through her. "How are we to make sacrifices?" she asked.

The heavenly visitor smiled. "Make everything you do a sacrifice and offer it as an act of reparation for the sins by which God is offended and as

a petition for the conversion of sinners. Bring peace to our country in this way."

Jacinta and Francisco were silent. Our country! What did the angel mean? He didn't live on earth but in heaven! And how could children convert sinners? Or end the terrible war that had been going on in Europe for two years?

The shining spirit seemed to read such thoughts. "I am the Guardian Angel of Portugal," he said. "Remember these words: *Accept and bear with submission the sufferings sent you by the Lord.*"

With this he was gone, and suddenly the children found themselves with strangely heavy hearts. Why did the angel have to leave them? Why couldn't he tell them more about how to convert sinners and when the war was going to end?

"Maybe he'll come again," suggested Francisco hopefully.

"And give us another message," added Jacinta.

Lucia nodded. "I think he will come," she said slowly, "but first we must pray and make sacrifices as he told us."

The angel did come again in the fall of that same year, while the children were out in the fields with their sheep. But this time he bore a golden chalice in one hand and a Host in the other. Amazed, the youngsters noted that drops of blood were falling from the Host into the chalice and that presently the angel left both suspended in mid-air and prostrated himself on the ground. Then came the beautiful voice they had learned to love:

"Most Holy Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—I adore You profoundly. I offer You the Most Precious Body, Blood, Soul, and Divinity of Jesus Christ, present in all the tabernacles of the world, in reparation for the insults, sacrileges and indifference whereby He is offended. By the infinite merits of His Most Sacred Heart and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, I beg of You the conversion of sinners."

The children joined in this sublime prayer to the Holy Trinity as best they could, but their amazement knew no bounds when presently the angel arose from the ground, took the Host in his hand, and beckoned to Lucia. He was going to give her Holy Communion as the priest did at Mass!

As they saw their cousin approach to receive the Host, the hearts of Francisco and Jacinta filled with longing. How wonderful if they could have

this great privilege, too! But of course this was impossible. They were not like Lucia, who had finished the course of studies for First Communicants. Why, they knew only a very little of the catechism!

Suddenly the angel looked at them over Lucia's bowed head. "Come," he said, and taking the chalice from mid-air, he indicated that they should approach and kneel before him also.

The little shepherds stared, then slowly got to their feet. Surely the angel didn't mean.

"Take and drink the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ," he told them. "Make reparation for the crimes of sinners and give consolation to your God."



The hearts of Francisco and Jacinta filled with longing.



In the weeks that followed, the little shepherds often thought about the Angel of Peace and his message. As though by a miracle, the two prayers he had taught remained fresh in their memories, and they recited them very frequently—kneeling with their foreheads touching the ground, as the angel himself had done. But alas! Although they hoped and prayed, the heavenly visitor came no more. Day after day they took the sheep to pasture, said the Rosary as they had done on the day of the storm, looked carefully in the cave and throughout the field. There was never any trace of their friend.

"But we can remember what he told us," said Lucia comfortingly. "We'll pray and suffer every day, so that many sinners will be converted."

"That way the war will end sooner, too," added Jacinta.

Francisco was a little puzzled. How were they going to suffer? They weren't sick. Their families were poor, but there was always enough to eat. And their homes were comfortable.

"Don't you remember when I asked the angel about that?" cried Lucia. "He told us to turn everything we do into a sacrifice by offering it to God. And he also said that we were to be patient. Francisco, surely you haven't forgotten!"

The boy shook his head. "Of course not. But aren't these things too easy? How can they convert sinners and show God that we love Him?"

"Don't ask questions. The angel told us what to do, and we should obey him."

On May 13, 1917, slightly more than a year after the angel's first visit, the three children were pasturing their flocks as usual. They were in a large hollow known as the Cova da Iria, about a mile from their homes in Fatima. The place was stony,

and there was not much grass or water for the sheep. But these things could not be helped, since what good grazing land there was belonged to people who did not want the children's flocks coming onto their property.

When the youngsters had eaten lunch and said the Rosary, they began to discuss plans for the afternoon. What games should they play today?

"There are some nice stones over there," said Francisco hopefully. "I could build a house..."

This time Lucia did not argue. It was a beautiful afternoon, with plenty of sunshine, and it had been many days since they had built a stone house.

"All right," she said. "Come on."

As they ran across the field, a sudden flash of lightning cut through the air. Lucia stopped in amazement. *Lightning?* On a beautiful spring afternoon like this? Surely not! But the faces of Francisco and Jacinta clouded with disappointment as they stopped short in their tracks.

"Did you see that, Lucia? It means we're going to have rain!"

The ten-year-old girl glanced doubtfully at the sky. "Maybe it won't be a bad storm."

"You can't tell. And lightning is terribly dangerous up here in the hills. It would kill all of us in a second!"

Francisco nodded. "I think we ought to get the sheep together and go home, he said. 'I'll blow my horn and they'll start running.'"

Even as the children headed for the center of the field, there came a second blinding flash. All three jumped from shock, then looked fearfully about. What if they were to be struck by the dreaded lightning? Then their glances fell upon a small holm-oak tree a few feet away. Attracted by a light in its topmost branches, they lifted up their



eyes. Wonder of wonders! The light was flowing from the lovely form of a lady! There she stood atop the little tree, her feet hidden in a shimmering cloud!

The little shepherds drew back in awe, although each felt that the lady was kind and good. How could it be otherwise? She was like the angel, but far more beautiful than he. She wore a long white dress, and the white mantle over her head and shoulders was edged in burnished gold. Her hands were joined before her breast, and from the right hand hung an exquisite rosary of white pearls with a golden cross. Yet the three children were afraid—afraid of the strange whiteness and golden glow before them—so bright that it hurt the eyes.

"Don't be frightened," said a gentle voice. "I won't hurt you."

Reassured, Lucia ventured a little closer to the tree. "Who are you?" she asked the lady. "Where did you come from? What do you want?"

The beautiful lady smiled. "I come from heaven. I want you children to come here at this hour on the thirteenth day of each month until October. Then I will tell you who I am."

By now Lucia's fear had vanished entirely. "You come from heaven! Shall I go there?"

"Yes. But you must say the Rosary, and say it properly."

"And Jacinta?"

"She will go, too."

The lady looked at the nine-year-old before her, and there was a rather reproachful smile upon her lips. "Yes,

but first he must say many Rosaries."

For a moment all was silent. Then the lady asked the children if they were willing to offer themselves to God and to bear all the sufferings He sent them? Would they pray very hard for the conversion of sinners?

Once again the lady smiled. "Then you will have much to suffer. But thanks be to God, He Himself will strengthen you."

Suddenly Lucia remembered that two little boys had died in the village recently. Since the lady came from heaven, she might be able to tell them whether or not their souls were with God. Rather hesitantly, she asked her.

"One of them is in Heaven," replied the lady. "The other is still in purgatory." Then, having once more urged the children always to say the

Rosary devoutly, the beautiful stranger turned toward the east. Before their astonished eyes her body began to glide from the top of the little tree into the brilliant sunshine flooding the pasture. The next moment there was only the sunshine.

Slowly the young shepherds came to their senses—sad and lonely, now that the lady was gone, but excited with the thought that she had promised to come again.

As they discussed the great wonder, Lucia was the first to realize that only she had talked to the lady. Francis and Jacinta had been silent during the entire length of the apparition—ten minutes or so. Then another amazing discovery was made. Although



You must say the Rosary and say it properly.

Jacinta had heard the beautiful stranger speaking with Lucia, Francisco had heard nothing. He had only seen.

"Tell me what the lady said!" begged the boy. "Please!"

"The sheep, Lucia!" They've wandered away!"

It was true. The sheep had wandered into a neighbor's field and were damaging the crops there. Fearing that they would be punished, the children ran quickly to drive the flocks from the forbidden pasture. A moment later, Lucia faced her cousins anxiously.

"We'd better not tell anyone about the lady," she said. "It was really on account of her that we forgot to watch the sheep."

"People wouldn't believe us if we did tell them," put in Francisco. "They'd say no lady ever stood on that little tree over there, all shining in white and gold."

"My mother would say I was lying," sighed Jacinta, "and then I'd get an awful scolding."

So it was decided to keep everything a secret—as had been done concerning the Angel of Peace—and that night, when Lucia left her cousins to go to her own home, she was almost walking on air. How fine to know that the beautiful lady would come again! And again and again!

"Five more times," she thought happily, "on the thirteenth day of June, July, August, September and October. Oh, how wonderful!"

Alas for the cherished secret! that night little Jacinta was too excited to sleep. She kept turning

nervously in her bed, mumbling to herself in a strange fashion. Her eyes seemed unusually bright, and finally her mother grew fearful. Perhaps the child was coming down with a fever. And Francisco, too. He was not as restless as his sister, but there was something peculiar about his actions. He seemed to be in a kind of day-dream.

"Something's happened to you two!" said the mother sharply. "Tell me what it is!"

Confused and weary from the day's long strain, and upset by her mother's impatience, Jacinta finally broke down and sobbed out the whole story.

"We didn't do anything wrong, Mother. Only when the beautiful lady came..."

"What beautiful lady?"

"The lady in white and gold. She stood on top of a little tree in the Cova da Iria..."

"Yes," put in Francisco, "and she was very kind. But she said that I must offer many Rosaries before I can go to heaven..."

"We must all say the Rosary, very devoutly, every day. And we must suffer, too. Then sinners will be converted and the war will come to an end."

The mother's amazement knew no bounds. What nonsense was this? If Francisco and Jacinta had made up a weird tale just to attract attention to themselves...

"No, no!" cried the children, terrified of being punished. "Ask Lucia, Mother! She was with us! She can tell you everything is true!"

(To be continued)

---

## HOW LONG WILL THESE BE CATHOLICS?

The following are the statistics of Catholics living in the territories east of the Curzon line which, according to the Yalta decision, are to be Russian:

Archdiocese of Vilna: 1,485,000 Catholics, 528 priests, 470 churches.

Archdiocese of Lwow (Latin rite): 800,000 Catholics, 795 priests, 997 churches.

Archdiocese of Lwow (Greek rite): 1,300,000 Catholics, 1,004 priests, 1,267 churches.

Diocese of Pinsk: 565,000 Catholics, 106 priests, 251 churches.

Diocese of Luck: 398,000 Catholics, 246 priests, 183 churches.

Diocese of Przemyśl (Latin rite): 1,200,000 Catholics, 720 priests, 660 churches.

Diocese of Przemyśl (Greek rite): 1,159,380 Catholics, 657 priests, 1,268 churches.

Diocese of Stanisławów (Greek rite): 1,000,000 Catholics, 495 priests, 886 churches.

In addition, there are numerous schools, monasteries and other religious houses, the fruit of centuries of catholic culture.

From the Catholic Digest, July 1945

(Annuario Pontificio for 1944.)

# NOT ROMAN-- YET CATHOLIC

C. Francis Jenkins

NO doubt the reader upon glancing at the above title will say "Oh those"—meaning the Anglo-Catholics, Greek Orthodox, Liberal Catholics, and the countless other spurious sects posing as branches of the Catholic Church. The writer had nothing of the sort in mind when he planned this article. The Catholics he is referring to are the six million members of the Eastern Catholic churches, and the fourteen rites in which they worship.

Going further the reader will perhaps snort and say, "There is only one Catholic Church, and that is the Roman Catholic Church. What's the writer trying to pull on us?" But the fact of the matter is that the Eastern churches are just as *bona fide* as the Latin, and should the reader doubt that, he should look to the Papal Constitution "*Orientalium Dignitatis*" issued by Leo the Thirteenth in 1894.

Upon further examination the average Catholic will find out other things about our Eastern brethren that will no doubt make him gasp—but loudly!

For instance, he will learn that their priests may marry (before Ordination of course), that the Holy Sacrifice is said in the vernacular, that the Holy Eucharist is distributed under two kinds, that infants receive at least three of the Sacraments, that the Blessed Sacrament is not reserved in the churches, that there is no such service as "low Mass." Now—what do you think about that!

"Well I never—!" Of course you didn't—you and millions of others of the Latin rite. That is why all this comes as such a shock to you. And yet it is the explicit wish of the Holy See that we of the West, better know and understand our religious relatives of the East.

Now I suppose you want to know, "When did all this happen?" Well it's a long and involved story, so we had better try to streamline it.

To begin with, the Apostles upon going to the several parts of the then known world, naturally took the Mass with them. They had to, for not only is it the Heart of the Religion, but the Holy Sacrifice was the main reason for their priesthood.

Searching the New Testament, it's precious little we can find concerning the liturgical rites of that First Mass, on Holy Thursday night. We do know that elements were blessed, became through Transubstantiation the God-Man, were consumed, a hymn was sung, and they departed. That was a matter of only a few moments. The Mass today lasts much longer, you say. Of course it does—it is these additions, fully sanctioned by the Popes that constitute the various rites or "uses."

And so for centuries everything proceeded beautifully. The East, with its mystery and exotic life had a liturgy that was as breath-taking as the lands that fostered it, while the West clung to a rite which is as austere, yet superbly solemn as the logic of the Western mind. Yet always there was a harmony between the two and as a proof of their unity, the Popes celebrated the Eastern Liturgies at St. Peter's on great occasions, a practice which is not uncommon today in Rome. Then came dark days and with them schism and revolt.

As was said before, the whole story of the Eastern schism is as complicated as most of the rites of the East, so we will only embroider this article with some of the fringe. It all began in the Eleventh Century with an uncanonical election to the See of Constantinople. The Pope objected, as was his right; his legates were imprisoned; the East decided she had equal rights with Rome, and the battle was on. It is unfortunately still being waged to the spiritual detriment of millions, and the intense anxiety of our Holy Father. There can be no estimate of its effect on the suffering Heart of Our Divine Lord. As time passed, some saw the folly of their way, and began the long trek on the road back to Rome, until today six million bow in allegiance to their spiritual lord, Pius Twelfth. So much for the history. If you want to know more, there are several fine books. Consult them—you'll find them much more interesting than this feeble account. (Cf. Donald Attwater, *The Dissident Eastern Churches*, *The Catholic Eastern Churches*.)

Now for some other facts. You know all of our churches look alike. You recognize them the minute you step into the door. Not so with the Eastern Churches. Oh you would find something that would tell you they were distinctly related, but—It is that *but* I hope to explain.

"It just happens to be Sunday. Let's go down to St. John Chrysostom's. Sure it's of the Byzantine rite but we can fulfill our Mass obligation. Come on—it's almost time." In a few minutes we are there, and looking at the outside of the church you shake your head, "It's all so different." Oh brother!—have you got a surprise coming on the inside. So in we go!

The congregation is almost all here. Close your mouth friend, and please—take that look of incredulous amazement out of your eyes. Yes of course this is a Catholic church—and a very beautiful one. There are no pews, you say. Of course not—that's a Western pampering of the flesh. What's that? The men and women sit on opposite sides of the church? Is that bad? Now what are you surprised at? What—that woman didn't genuflect. Naturally she didn't—but you saw her make a profound bow—same thing friend. Now what's making you bug-eyed? All those pictures across the front of the church? That's the Iconostasis—I said Iconostasis. Yes, it's a Greek word meaning image screen. Those three doors?—you'll find out about them soon enough.

But here come the priests—three of them. What? Sure it's a High Mass—it will take about three hours too. When these people go to church, they go to church. There's no dash in—rush and run—then sprint out for these folk. They like their Mass long, solemn, and beautiful. There—the priests are preparing the elements. That's

right—we do it at the Offertory. Yes—only it's leavened bread and in large loaves, and warm water is added to the wine. Now do you see what some of the doors are for? That's called "the Little Entrance."

Isn't that chanting breath-taking? No organ either if you'll notice—no sir. These people let their voices praise God and don't need a musical instrument for a crutch. And notice the vestments—something to look at, my friend. Now look around you and see the wrapt attention on the faces of the worshippers. They're not staring at Mrs. Zyopoulos's new hat, or ogling the paint off the Stations of the Cross! They are here for only one purpose—to praise God.

And so the liturgy proceeds, each new turn bringing forth gasps of wonder from you. I watch you and notice you miss nothing of the impressive ceremonies. Fascinated, your eyes never leave the altar, and when the doors are closed at the Consecration, you are dumb-struck. "Now what?" you ask. Did you ever stop to reason why they ring the bell at Consecration in our church? "To call our attention to the altar" you reply. Exactly—but there was a time when curtains veiled that Precious Moment from our view also. The bell is the only remnant of those days.

But I have talked entirely too much during the Divine Liturgy. It will take quite a few acts of self denial to make up for my disrespect for Our Lord. Maybe he will make those moments in Purgatory just a little easier, realizing that my intention was not really to be disrespectful. It is to be hoped that this visit to your religious relatives of the East has been a happy one. May you return often to worship with these people who are not Roman—but very definitely Catholic!

## An Examination of Conscience

### I. As to God

1. Discontent: (a) with things that go wrong; (b) with obvious failings of others, (c) with ourselves and our own affairs.
2. Inconstancy: (a) in spiritual duties, (b) in our appointed work, (c) in the order of the day.
3. Slackness: (a) in prayer; (b) in work; (c) in the control of ourselves.

### II. As to others:

1. Prejudice: (a) seeing evil where there is none; (b) attributing false motives; (c) generalizing from one case.

2. Charity: (a) towards those above me; (b) towards those under me; (c) towards my equals.
3. Inordinate affection: (a) seeking those I like; (b) avoiding those I do not like; (c) keeping up grievances.

### III. As to myself:

1. Pure selfishness: (a) self-indulgence; (b) self-pity; (c) self-interest.
2. Vanity: (a) making excuses; (b) exaggerating; (c) talking of myself and my affairs.
3. Pride: (a) preferring myself; (b) touchiness; (c) jealousy.

—Archbishop Goodier.



# The World is Pleasure Mad

Julia W. Wolfe

WE surely live in a world grown pleasure mad. In spite of war and its attendant sorrows never have amusements taken such a prominent place in general life. Never before has entertainment found itself so priced and ticketed, and allotted in valuations only according to the entrance fee paid. We have often been told that a little "variety" in life is essential, and that amusements save doctor's bills; it may be true, but young people, and old ones, too, are swinging the pendulum too far in the extreme.

Hundreds of young people look like a generation with faces growing haggard and eyes a little bit too glassy. They seem to be making pleasure a veritable penance. They are out for a good time!

I feel that today nearly all believe, quite wrongly, that anything we pay for must be amusing and entertaining. Have we not lost the sense of values? Can happiness ever be bought, paid for through the ticket office, or through a big check at a night club? In our reaching out for more and more, it seems that we have abandoned the pleasures that were the real ones.

When one mentions to young people how their grandparents lived, they say "what dreary lives they must have lived." Yet they did not complain. The young people say it is because they knew of nothing better, but is that true?

Our grandparents did know of something much better. They were resourceful within, which today we are not. There were no movies, no night clubs. Theatres were not accessible unless they lived in a big city. Even then, they would never have allowed them to become a habit. They did not admit the pleasure habit of this day, they had the supreme wisdom of rationing their amusements.

Pleasure, too hotly and regularly pursued, is pleasure ended. Today we do not keep a treat for a treat; we allow it to become monotonous.

In the last part of the nineteenth century, and the early part of this one, people made their own amusements, and what a pity that practice has passed away! What about those old singing-bees and spelling bees when families met? Today such things are jeered and derided, but people did have happy evenings clustered round the piano singing in the days when home was home.

The cheeriest dance I ever attended was one in the orchard of a farm house when local talent provided the music. Gone, too, are the dances in homes when the furniture was pushed back and all took part. All these amusements had a cheeriness and a spontaneity which the entertainment of today does not have. They were never allowed to grow common; they were rare, and all helped to make them a success. They had something that is not in present day amusement; everybody went into it heart and soul. Today nobody tries to be entertaining because they believe that other people should be employed to amuse them. Surely, this is a mistake.

We have gone pleasure-mad and with it we have gone selfish. We want to sit still and do none of the work; we want to pay big money and let somebody else do it. So we have allowed amusement to cease to be amusement. A party every night certainly loses all the thrill of anticipation, and therefore we grow critical and hard to please.

What spoiled us? Was it the let-down from the last war? We did lose much we know. We lost touch with the fireside, and flew for distraction to restaurants. We believed such things gave us a bigger return. Today everyone that can afford it, and hundreds that can't, lunch out, dine out; no amusement is left in their homes. And these same people wail, "We are not amused."

Why? Because in the first place they have lost touch with the most precious belonging of all, home! Home has never been so out of favor as it is today. People have forgotten that home is their background, and that a picture is lost without its background. But some day they will look back and remember the really happy days in their lives; it will not be "first night," gala performances, and restaurants gay. They will be days when they sat talking with mother by the fireside, or put up a new pergola for the yard. The great joys were not the pleasures you paid for. They required no ticket of admission, but perhaps if these precious things had to be paid for, they would be recognized in their true value.

Simplicities of life are the great happinesses. Pleasures, and the items that we would classify

## *To Our Readers*

*The Grail* Staff is grateful for letters of comment from our readers, whether those comments be in agreement with us or disagreement. Some of the articles in this and the next issues will be provocative of thought. It is very likely that some of you will be moved to write us a letter stating your own views on some of the topics under discussion. *The Grail* will pay five dollars for each letter published on this page from our readers. It is required that each letter be signed correctly. No anonymous letters will be used and no pen names recognized. Readers may comment on any of the articles printed or on questions and answers in the Question Box, or on the letters of other correspondents. Only the best will be selected for printing. Address all letters of comment to

**"Give and Take," THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.**

under the heading of pleasures, are not really enjoyable. Like sweetmeats, though they may be delightful at first, they have a trick of turning you ill after a time. But the joys of the first spring day in a garden, of talking in the twilight and of self-communion, are the real happinesses that will last forever.

Of course, no one wishes to be a kill-joy. We sound puritanical but we are not. We like to see young people happy, but the present day idea of constantly "being entertained" is all wrong. The pleasure craze is undermining character. Great empires have been submerged when they went for-

ward on the crest of that wave which urges for gaiety and for self, self, self, all the time. Overpursuance of pleasure is the sign of a nation which is going down hill. Young people need the influence of home, much as they resent it. Love-making movies seven days a week are too much of a good thing. They want the helpful influence of the despised home, and simplicities, those tremendous simplicities which are really profundities. They want the pleasure that has no ticket of admittance, no entrance fee, simply for the reason that it is beyond price.

It is the greatest pleasure of all.

## Why don't you

Get acquainted on earth with your brothers and sisters  
In heaven — the SAINTS!



## Listen to Blessed Imelda:

"In the mute Bleeding Heart in your garden  
You must see me, Imelda, instead;  
For, one day when the Host was seen hovering  
As a dove, poised in flight, over my head,—  
The pure rapture that Jesus was in me  
Broke my heart—'Jesus . . . mine!' . . . I was dead."

LITTLE SISTER, Blessed Imelda, Patroness of First Communicants, by Mary Fabyan Windeatt, can be ordered for \$1.25 from the GRAIL Office, St. Meinrad, Indiana.

## Other books of the Windeatt Library are:

ANGEL OF THE ANDES .....	\$1.50
<i>St. Rose of Lima</i>	
LITTLE QUEEN .....	\$2.00
<i>Little Flower of Jesus</i>	
HERO OF THE HILLS .....	\$1.75
<i>St. Benedict</i>	
MY NAME IS THOMAS .....	\$1.00
<i>St. Thomas Aquinas</i>	
SAINTS IN THE SKY .....	\$1.25
<i>St. Catherine of Siena</i>	
LAD OF LIMA .....	\$1.75
<i>Blessed Martin de Porres</i>	
WARRIOR IN WHITE .....	\$1.75
<i>Blessed John Masias</i>	

**These SAINTS are waiting to meet you. Just send your order  
and remittance to:**

**THE GRAIL Office  
ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA**

s for  
Over-  
which  
influ-  
aking  
good  
f the  
ndous  
They  
tance,  
it is

*Just published*

# ***The Sound from Heaven***

***and eighty seven other poems  
by Reverend Alexis L. Hopkins***

A booklet of 68  
pages of verse.  
Price 25¢ a copy.

## **FOR A DOLLAR YOU CAN GET**

### **\$1.00 Bargain Number Two**

- 1 copy CHRIST CALLS, second printing of Vocation Handbook 25¢.
- 1 copy of FOLLOW CHRIST, 112 pages of vocation articles with over 100 pictures, 25¢.
- 1 MASS YEAR FOR 1945, 140 page booklet with Ordo for Mass each day and liturgical meditations, 30¢.
- 1 EUCHARISTIC CHRIST, prayers of preparation and thanksgiving for Holy Communion for 31 days, 10¢.
- 1 LIFE OF ST. BENEDICT with the story of the founding of Monte Cassino, 10¢.
- 1 copy of GOSPEL MOVIES, illustrated pamphlet of meditations, 10¢.

The above booklets are worth  
\$1.25

### **\$1.00 Bargain Number Three**

- 1 copy of THE SOUND FROM HEAVEN, booklet of verse, 25¢.
- 1 copy of FOLLOW CHRIST, 112 pages of vocation articles with over 100 pictures, 25¢.
- 1 MASS YEAR FOR 1945, 140 page booklet with Ordo for Mass each day and liturgical meditations, 30¢.
- 1 EUCHARISTIC CHRIST, prayers of preparation and thanksgiving for Holy Communion for 31 days, 10¢.
- 1 QMP STORIES Number 4, booklet of short stories, 96 pages, 25¢.
- 1 SOLDIERS' WAY OF THE CROSS with pictures, 10¢.

The above booklets are worth  
\$1.25

## **ORDER BLANK**

Enclosed please find \$ ..... for:

..... copies of THE SOUND FROM HEAVEN. 5 copies \$1.00

..... set(s) \$1.00 Bargain Number Two.

..... set(s) \$1.00 Bargain Number Three.

..... One- Year subscription to THE GRAIL Magazine, \$1.00.

**THE GRAIL**

**ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA**



